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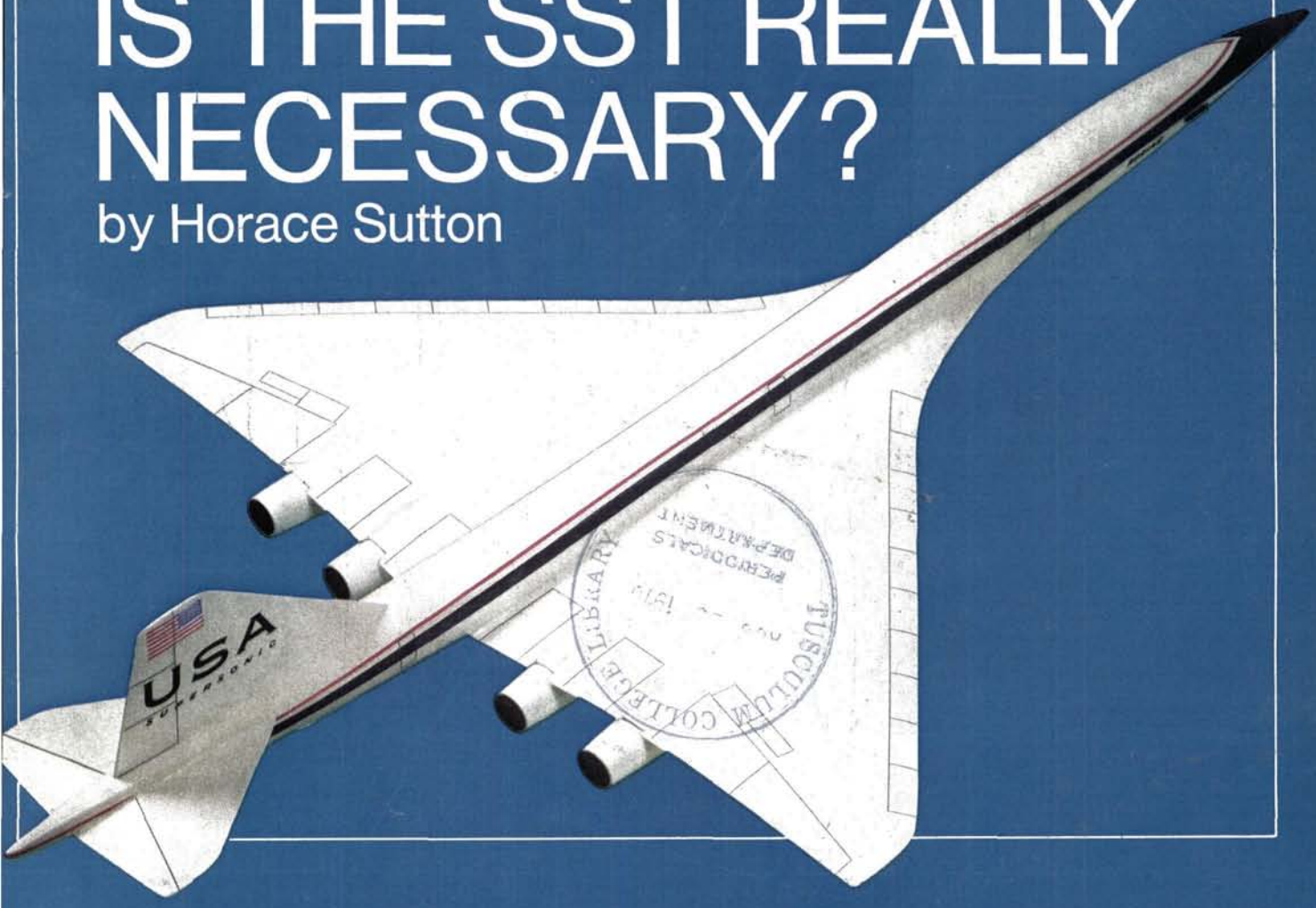
Saturday Review

August 15, 1970 50¢

IS THE SST REALLY NECESSARY?

by Horace Sutton



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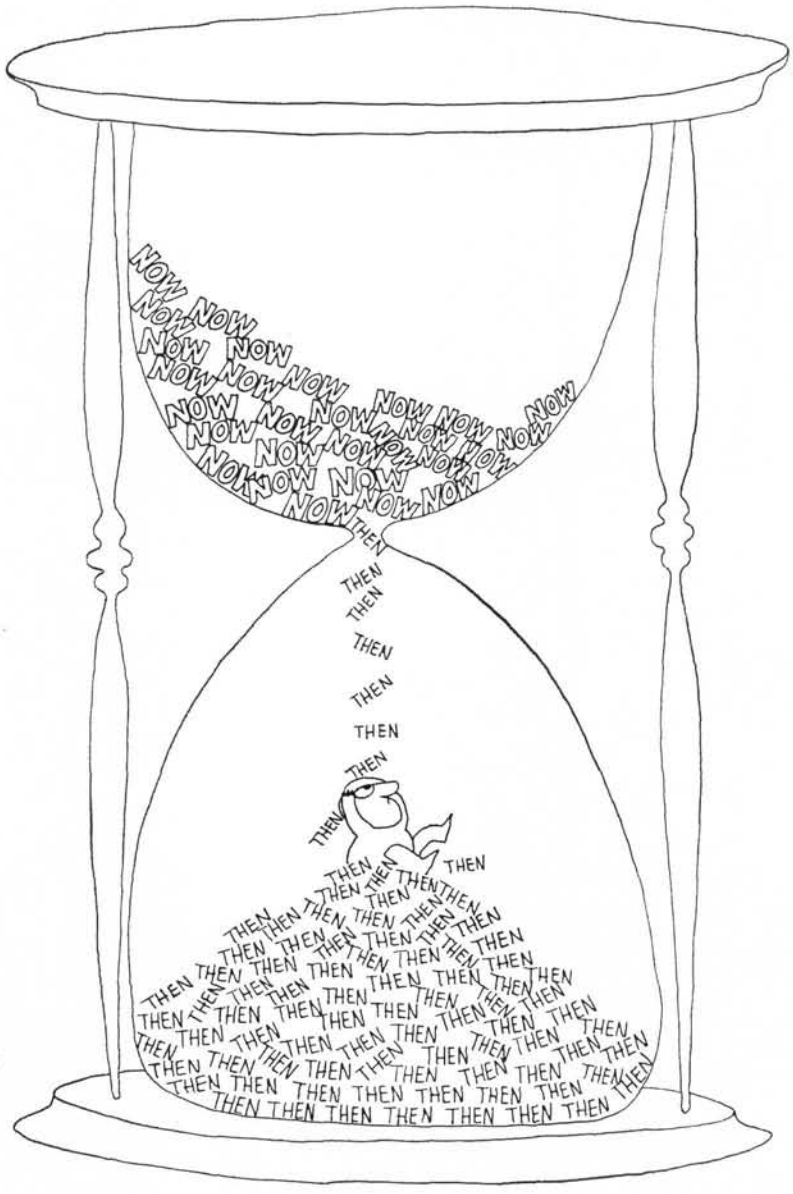

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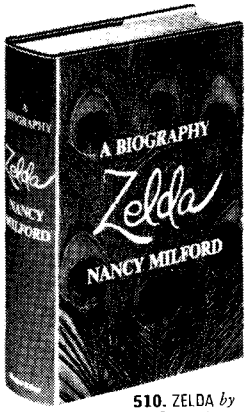

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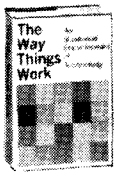

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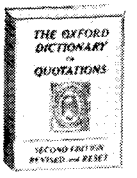

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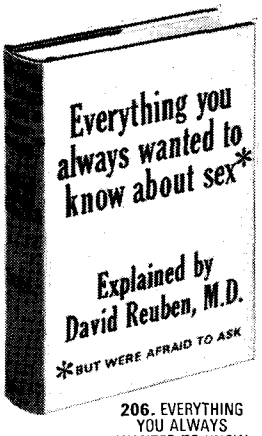

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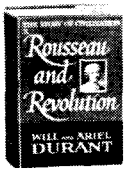

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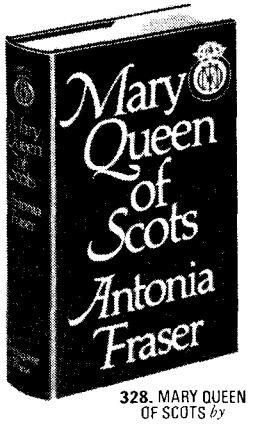

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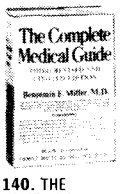

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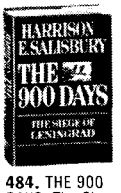

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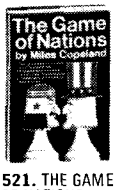

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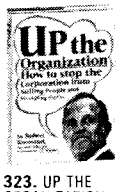

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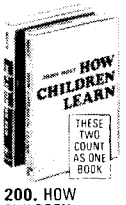

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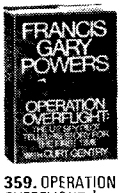

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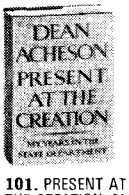

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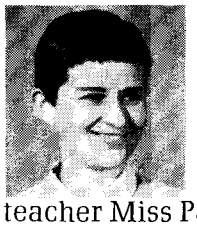

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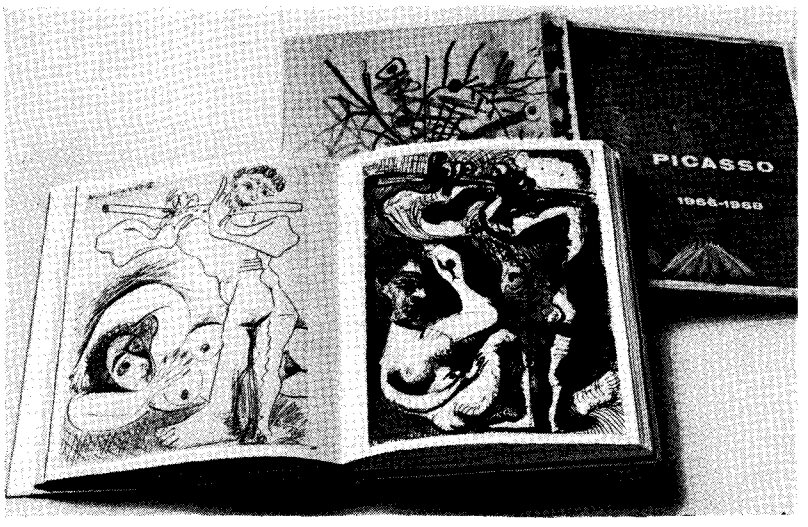

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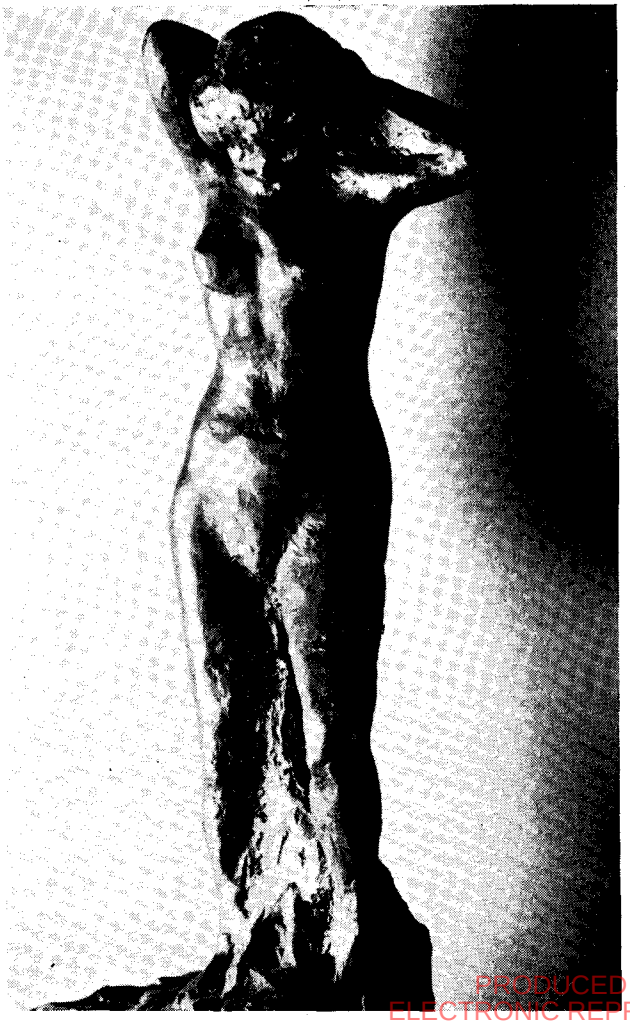

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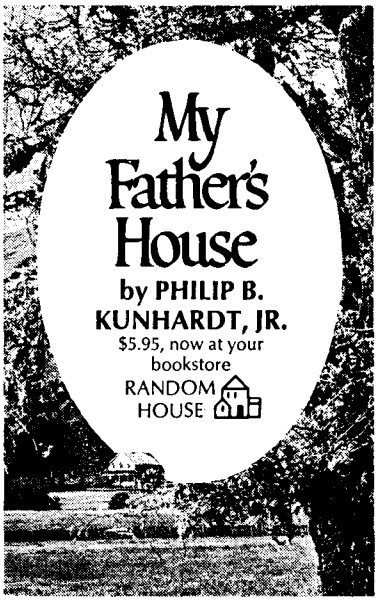

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

To Dream the Implausible Dream

I AM AN early riser—6:30 a.m. It's not that I have a nightly problem drifting off to dreamland. It's simply that at this early hour I run out of sleep.

I arise, make some notes of the dreams I've had through the tortuous night, step gingerly into the world, and hope that I may avoid their fulfillment.

So I listened with interest to our President one day last June as he addressed the Jaycee Convention in St. Louis. He said he was going to speak about "what is right about America."

"I believe in the American Dream," he stated. "I have seen it come true in my own life. But, speaking in broader terms, we can fulfill the American Dream only when every American has an equal opportunity to fulfill his own dream."

The American Dream! That's where I had gone wrong. My dreams have been un-American. Scratch that—I mean non-American. I consider myself as American as the next slice of apple pie. But my nightmarish dreams have not been national, only personal little hangups, and terrifying.

I never dreamed I dwelled in marble halls with vassals and serfs at my side. Whenever I dreamed I was in a marble hall, I was always a vassal, polishing the marble. And the spot I polished never came out until Jane Withers handed me a can of Comet.

Instead of the American Dream, my nocturnal wanderings dealt with nothing socially significant—nothing to do with "what is right about America." Like the night I dreamed about the number seven. At the race track the next day I bet on horse number seven in the seventh race, which was 7 to 1 in the betting. And in a seven-horse race he finished seventh. That would make anyone an early riser.

But after I heard the President, I decided to tune my subliminal to another channel where, as Mr. Nixon magnanimously stated that day, "Every American has an equal opportunity to fulfill his own dreams." Where but in America does a sleeping citizen have the freedom to choose his own dreams?

As I curled myself into the arms of Morpheus that first night, I drifted off, concentrating on "what is right about America." Soon I found myself on a plane flying from Paris to London. Suddenly a hijacker appeared and ordered the plane to go to America. We landed in Augusta, Georgia, where we were met by Governor Maddox, who invited us all into his restaurant for a free chicken dinner and a slice of apple pie. It was a gala affair, except he did not allow salt and pepper shakers together on his lily-white tablecloths.

Aside from that one unpleasant bit of atavism, it was an American Dream about what is right with America. The chicken was so delicious I didn't even mind the Governor's telling us the hijacker was a Communist who wanted to come to America to integrate the schools in Georgia. Fried chicken and apple pie were a good start on what is right about America.

The next night I dreamed I dwelled in the halls of Congress, where a law was passed on rent control. "In order to stabilize the economy," a senator said, "all apartments in the nation henceforth will rent at the same price —$1,000 a month. And all bankers are authorized to lend money to apartment dwellers, employed or unemployed, so that this American Dream may be fulfilled."

I was up at 4 o'clock that morning. I couldn't wait till nightfall to dream what was going to happen at my bank. So I took a nap that afternoon and found myself facing my banker, who was unusually cheery about lending me the money. "The interest," he smiled "will be 25 per cent."

I suggested that 25 per cent was a little high. "But wait," he said, "you haven't heard the best part. Every American has dreamed that someday he would own a toaster or an alarm clock. We offer you a freedom of choice —free—a toaster or an alarm clock." I chose the toaster. I wouldn't need an alarm clock to wake me out of that one.

After a few more nights of those dreams, I realized my dreams were not making America seem dreamy. You know why? Because all American dreamers are dreaming their own particular American Dreams, which are contradictory and antagonistic to my particular American Dreams.

But maybe dreams worked in *early* America. So I went back to my early American Dream. What was right about America those days was Josie—the girl in high school. What is wrong about Josie these nights is that she is still quite contradictory and antagonistic to my own particular American Dream.

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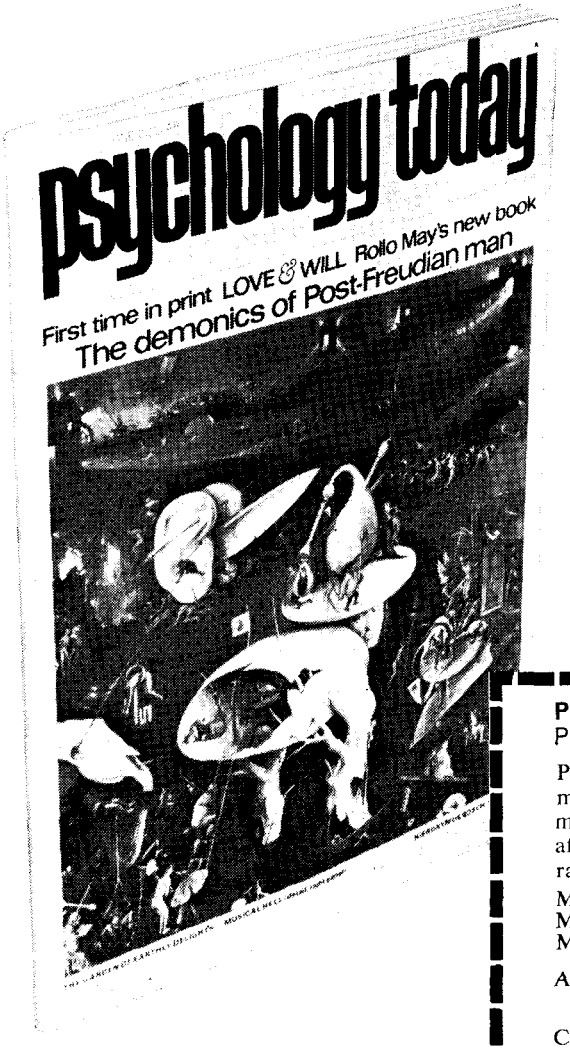

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Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Offer of the Week—Fifty pies for a short story. That's right, *pies*. They're to be offered by the Midas Muffler people of Chicago who have taken over a chain of bake bread and pie shops called Virginia Hardy's Oven. The complete story, the company states, will be printed on the pie boxes under the headline STORIES TO EAT PIE BY. They're starting with eight stories by O. Henry—after that, it's a free-for-all, or rather a fifty-pie-for-all. Furthermore, the company asks pie-box rights only. And all agents, they point out, will still get their commission—five pies.

Our Mispronunciation Derby — pronounced Mis*per*nunciation, of course—produced a deluge of mail. And it is innaresting that more people were innerstid in the word innerst than any other. Elsewhere, Marjorie Wihtol of Middletown, New Jersey, asks, "What became of the 'a' in the middle of 'caramel'?" "Did it," she asks, "go to Calafornia?" Arthur Pierson of Pierson Productions in Hollywood declares most newsmen not only firmly believe in Warshington, D.C., but also in Seaddle, Warshington. Joseph Dawes of Big Spring, Texas, criticizes the "lass sinnence" of our former Mispronunciation Derby. "Shirley," he says, "you meant 'Strickly Big Lig.'" Another Texan, Mrs. Elizabeth May of Corpus Christi, declared that the Texas tendency to pronounce "an" as "in" and "ing" as "ang" makes the pronunciation of the word "anything" a test in which any actor of Texas background needs all the "hep" and "strenth" he can get. "Please do not," she adds, "mention that I call Corpus Christi 'the outer edges of the civilized world.' These people are violent." "Just lass Saaerdee," writes Donald Herrmann, president of Intermark, Inc., "we met a man in the avertising business who was on a speaking tour among his firm's subsideraries." "And to think," he adds, "he is a constant reader of Cleveland Armory."

Meanwhile, Rue Mathison of Scottsdale, Arizona, writes that she's "frayed" we have overlooked the "relators" in the relaty business. "I can only assume," she says, "these people sell 'rela' estate." And, she goes on:

> For real hair-tearing mispronunciations, nothing could top the new car dealers who sponsor late-night movies on Phoenix TV. A few minutes of "lissning" to the "Crossler" dealer talk about his "facktry-trained" "ruhpairmen" and the "noo cores" he has for "sayul" will drive you right up the wall. It might not be so bad, but all these "cores" have "par" steering, "diss" brakes, "tinn-ed winshills," and the used cores are in "lock-noo" condition.

Athaletics, however, still ranked first. Take, for example, this letter from Les Berkley of Livingston, New Jersey:

> In yer recent article in *Sataday Review*, yiz had the nerve to accuse some of fine atletes of misusing the lan-

> guidge. That is riddickilous. Jus the udder day I was talking to a fren of mine who played ball for Noter Dame, and he tole me that all the guys he knew on the team spoke perfeckly good English. I could probly give you morc egzamples of this, but I gotta go see the turabreds race at Mommit.

Also in this field, our all-time favorite piece came from James Bonnell of Dumont, New Jersey, and was entitled "Our Gray Nashnul Pastime" by Jim Barnett. First Mr. Bonnell-Barnett tells us the teams involved—in one league the Allanna Brays, the Pissburgh Pyruss, and the Los Angeles Dahjers, not to mention the Sane Louis Carnals, the Monreall Espos, and the Cincinnaaai Res; while in the other league, there are the Ballimore Orioles, the Washinnton Senaturs, the Deetroy Tigers, the Cleeland Innians, and the Minnesoa Twins.

Then he begins:

> But let's get the game under way. Each mannijer signs the car showing his lineup for the day and joins the daily huddle arown home plate to learn the groun rules. . . .
>
> As the batteen order appears before us on the screen, we are told that certain named players are in leff, senner, and rye feels. Others are at the traditional spots of firss, secun, and thirr base, an shorestop.
>
> The pitcher no longer goes inna wineup, but a stresh. The firss pitch is stry one, followed by ball one. Then stry two, ball two, ball three—the full cown. The ba--er fowls one inna the stanns and the cown remains aa three an two. Finally he flies deep to the senner feeler who makes a long run anna fine runnen catch up againss the wall, beyond the warneen track.
>
> Another ba--er goes to one an one,

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

LAST WORDS

The last words of ten title characters in eight of Shakespeare's plays are quoted below by Robert S. Zelenka of Baltimore, who wants you to match them up. The fog lifts on page 30.

1. Antony ( ) and Cleopatra ( )
2. Hamlet ( )
3. Henry V ( )
4. King Lear ( )
5. Macbeth ( )
6. Othello ( )
7. Richard II ( )
8. Troilus ( ) and Cressida ( )

a. Hence, broker-lackey! ignomy and shame
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name!

b. No way but this:
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss.

c. Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

d. What error leads must err. O! then conclude
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude.

e. Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die.

f. Now my spirit is going;/I can no more.

g. The rest is silence.

h. Then I shall swear to Kate, and you to me;
And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be!

i. Look on her, look, her lips,
Look there, look there!

j. Nay, I will take thee too./What should I stay—

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then pulls one downa leff feel line, where the feeler plays it offa wall an fires to secun. But the ba- -er, with a hook sly, slies in safely at secun with a double. He calls for time while he duss off his suit, or at least his pans.

The game moves along. It develops inna a real pishers baa-l.

The next ba- -er grouns to shore, an the runner on firss slies inna secun, to break up the du-ul play.

Three weeks from necks Sa-arday is Ole Timers' day, so get your tickus early at one of the many convenion box offices. Come ow an see baseball's grays, including several memmers of the Hall a Fame.

From time to time a strange character enters, as when the cown is full, three an two. Here comes the crooshul pitch. Annie struckum out!

There are times when she seems to be playing for both sides. As when the leff feeler makes a gray try—Annie can get to it! Iss offa wall! Here comes his throw, here comes the runner! But the throw is wide! Annie's safe aa thirr!

The ba- -er grouns to shore, but he has no play at the play, an the runner scores as the ba- -er is thrown out at firss.

The mannijer has had his pishers warmeen up in the bullpen. Thass the leffhanner on your rye and the ryehanner on your leff. The mannijer will prolly go for the leffhanner, and he duz, with a cupla leffhan swingers comin up.

Rain is comin down now, but iss lye an it prolly woan hall the game. But iffa does, the groun crew issa ready witha tarpullin, an issa fassest groun crew in either league. The crou today, by the way, is thirty thousand, aye hunnerd an sissteen. Quy a turnow for a weeday.

Issa lass a the ninth, the score tied, an the power o the home team's ba- -in order due up. The firss man goes down swingeen an the secun flies dee to leff.

The pisher wurrs carefully on the necks ba- -er, the team's leadeen home run hi- -er, an leedin also in runs ba- -ed in.

The cown goes to three an two, and there's tenshun all through the crou. The pish—and the ba- -er drives one onaline inna the rye feel stans for a home run an the ball game! An our fayfull fans go wile with glee as they lee the park.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1896)

(Edmund) CHRISTOPHERSON:
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From almost anywhere in Jackson Hole you can see the Tetons, jagged, towering, garlanded with glaciers . . . sparkling blue in the high-altitude sunlight, sometimes remote and jewel-like, beheaded by clouds . . . then again stark, sullen, overpowering . . . but always inspiring.

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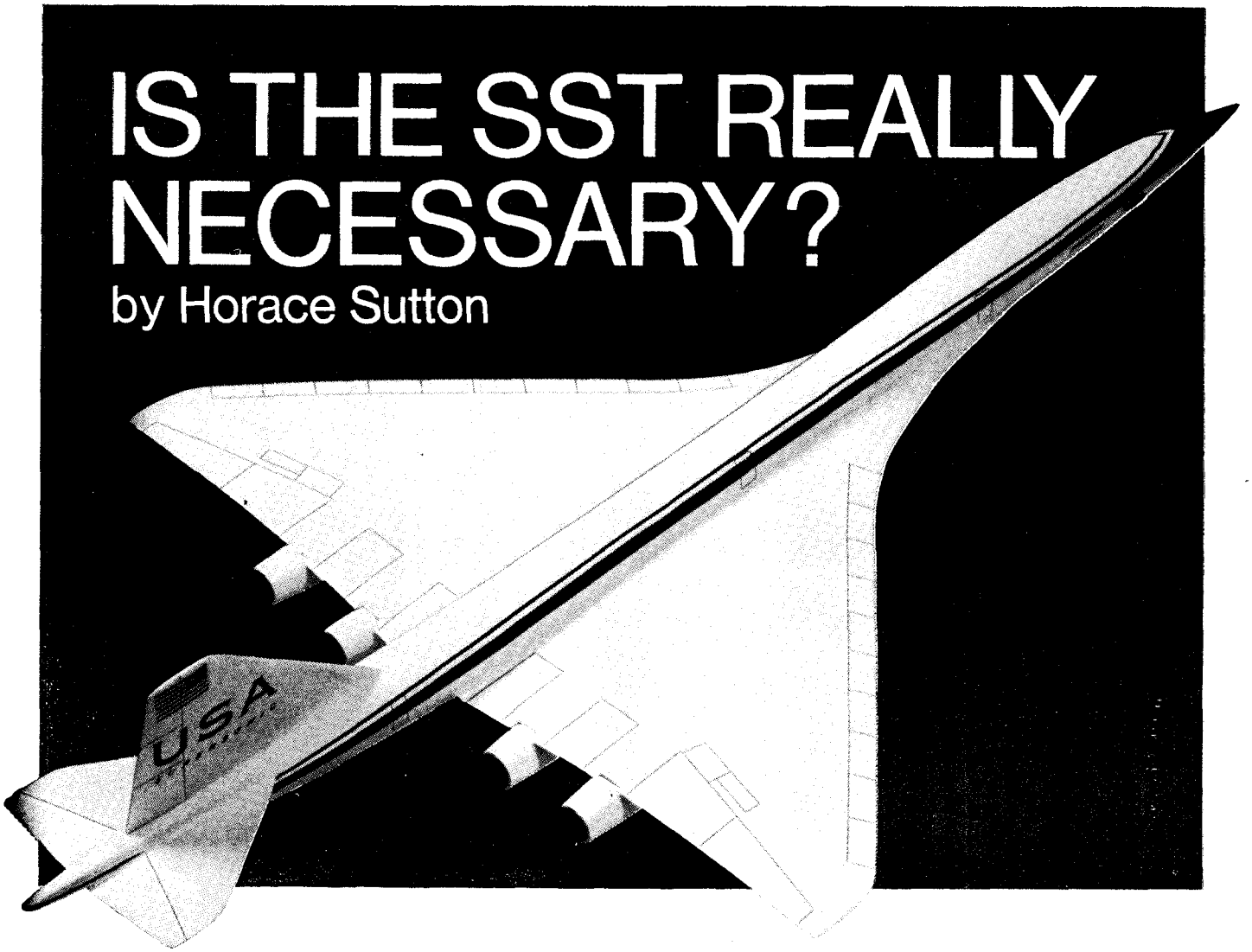
IS THE SST REALLY NECESSARY?

by Horace Sutton



Few other means of transport, when first proposed, have created as much partisan fervor in the United States as the proposal to build a commercial airplane that can travel faster than the speed of sound.

Not since the first attempted introduction of the horseless carriage—which was to bring, with its conveniences, a major source of pollution and fatal accidents—has such a shrill cry of outrage swept the land.

It is a widely held opinion, and one widely trumpeted, that the noise of the supersonic airplane, or SST, is deafening; that the sonic boom is unbearable; that a fleet of supersonic planes, flying in the upper levels of the atmosphere at 60,000 feet, could change the climate. Testimony has been given the Congress by public persons, private citizens, and scientists in and out of government referring to ultraviolet radiation capable of stripping all life from the planet. Jet contrails, it has been suggested, could leave a permanent cloud cover, heating the earth, melting the polar icecaps, and flooding the continents. Less dramatically, there are those who are against it because the government is a partner in the project with the Boeing Company. Some consider government participation as a move toward socialism; others insist that the public money will never be recovered; still others, that the terms of the contract between Boeing and the government will never be met and the taxpayer will be paying for a highly sophisticated commercial airplane to be used by the privileged few. Prospective passengers aboard such aircraft, so some have warned, could suffer radiation exposure, or, in the event of a loss of pressure at the 60,000-foot level, suffer a boiling of blood and be rendered unconscious within a minute.

These pitfalls, dangers, annoyances, and disadvantages have been given wide public circulation by bands of outraged citizens, by conservation groups, by environmentalists, by academicians, by lawmakers, and by scientists of varying stripe. Full-page ads have appeared in the nation's newspapers. Mail campaigns have been organized in the schools. Quickie books have appeared. Hearings have been held in the Congress. Competing governments have allegedly essayed subtle intelligence techniques. Congressmen have waved smuggled "secret reports" in front of the press. As the summer matures, the fever has heightened. The bill to provide the funds to build a prototype of the American supersonic transport has already passed the House. This month it is expected to come before the Senate. On the other side of the ocean, a joint British-French supersonic plane called the Concorde, already built, is undergoing critical trials that may decide its future. The Soviet Union is eager to trade permission to fly the short route from Europe across Siberia to Asia for the purchase of its TU-144, an SST that it has already tested. In its waning weeks this is becoming the fateful summer of the SST, a plane which in its American version would carry 273 passengers in first and tourist class at a speed of 1,800 miles an hour.

A panel on the SST, organized by Dr. Lee DuBridge, President Nixon's science adviser, had as its chairman Dr. Richard Garwin, a forty-two-year-old IBM physicist and one of the most articulate and energetic opponents of the SST. The report submitted by the panel, while not made public, was widely held to be adverse, but the President elected to proceed with the SST program anyway. Dr. DuBridge, who had originally written a letter indicating

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his opposition to the SST, then wrote a second letter in which he reconsidered his opinion and came out in favor of the program. Congressman Henry Reuss, a vigorous opponent of the SST, sought to have the panel's report made public, but John Ehrlichman, the President's administrative assistant, invoked Presidential privilege. Dr. Garwin, although differing with DuBridge, who is chairman of the President's Science Advisory Board, remained on the committee, but aired his views through television broadcasts, interviews, and letters to the editors of newspapers. "I'm not a full-time member of the administration," says Garwin, "and I feel myself in the same position as a lawyer who has many clients. The fact that he deals with one doesn't prevent him from dealing with another so long as he doesn't use the information he obtains from the first in dealing with the second. Since there are so few people familiar with these programs, it is important for me to give the Congress, as well as the administration, the benefit of my experience."

Noise

The most effective argument being used against the SST in this Year of the Environment, as it is being called, is noise. A popular term of reference that has been given wide display is that an American SST would, on the runway, sound like fifty subsonic jets taking off at the same time. This comparison, which was devised by Dr. Garwin, has been both supported and hotly contested by scientists and aeronautical engineers in and out of the SST program. It has become the touchstone of the great supersonic debate, a passionate dialogue that has inspired lay persons to learn the language of the scientists, and engineers to reduce their heady techniques to the sill of common understanding. One must first understand, for example, that noise is energy or pressure waves in the air, and a decibel is a unit of its measure. The decibel, as a unit for measuring sound pressure level, was named for Alexander Graham Bell, and was established soon after 1900.

But it was reasoned, half a century later, that some kinds of noise can be more annoying than others. A fingernail running down a blackboard does not create many decibels, but it sends shivers down the backs of some people. Hi-fi sets, turned up loud, register many decibels, but young people find that sound enjoyable. In 1959, Dr. Karl Kryter of the Stanford Research Institute created a new measurement that included sound pressure level as well as frequency. A measure of both noise and annoyance, it is called Perceived Noise-level in decibels, or PNdB. Acoustic engineers realized that high tones or, more particularly, the high whines of certain aircraft engines, for example, persisting for longer or shorter periods, can alter the PNdB. Therefore, in 1966, a new measure, EPNdB or Effective Perceived Noise-level, was created by the Aircraft Exterior Noise Committee of the Society of Automotive Engineers. The Federal Aviation Agency, in order to denote the annoyance factor, has adopted EPNdB, and uses it to measure the noise of all subsonic airplanes.

Airplane noise is measured at three places: one mile from the threshold of the runway; about three-and-a-half miles from the start of the take-off run (for climb-out noise); and about 1,500 feet from the side of the runway. Experiments on the American SST engine, which is to be built by General Electric, indicate that the airplane is already within the FAA's acceptable noise limits when landing and on takeoff. Indeed, since an SST takes off at a higher and faster climb-out rate, it is more quiet than existing jets when flying over the community. On sideline noise —at the runway—it registers about 124 PNdB, whereas present jets register 108 PNdB. William Magruder, the forty-seven-year-old former test pilot who designed Lockheed's new jumbo, the L-1011, and who is in charge of the SST project for the Department of Transportation, concedes that the sideline noise of the SST is now three to four times as annoying as the noise produced by current jets. But there are still eight years to go in which to correct the sideline noise, he adds, before a production model of the American SST might appear.

"People like Garwin," says Magruder, "are creating technical mischief. He is playing on the difference between sound and annoyance." Garwin is quick with an answer. In his cluttered office on West 115th Street in New York City between Columbia University and the Hudson River, he told me, "When Magruder says I am in error in equating fifty subsonic jets taking off simultaneously with one SST, he is absolutely wrong. Whether disingenuous or ignorant is hard to tell, but I'm sure it's ignorant. All I want him to do is get the Department of Transportation to get one of their consultants, or Karl Kryter at Stanford Research Institute, who invented PNdB, to say I'm wrong, and I will be satisfied, but they don't."

Confronted with this challenge, the Department of Transportation, at *SR*'s request, convened a panel of consultants. They included Dr. John Powers, director of the Office of Noise Abatement, Federal Aviation Administration; Harvey Hubbard, director, Acoustics Branch, NASA, Langley Research Center, Virginia; Charles Foster, director, Office of Noise Abatement, Office of the Secretary, Department of Transportation; Newton Lieurance, director of Aviation Affairs, Environmental Sciences Services Administration, Department of Commerce; and George Chatham, aeronautics and space specialist, Legislative Reference Service, Library of Congress, who was formerly with NASA's Office of Advanced Research Technology.

Referring to Dr. Garwin's widely quoted statement that one SST sounds like fifty subsonic jets at take-off, the panel members concerned with sound had the following comments:

Dr. Powers: "Technically, it is an accurate statement. It is a logarithmic ratio, but obviously you can't put fifty aircraft together, because the sound sources would cancel. The thing that is important is the manner in which the airport neighbor perceives the noise."

Mr. Chatham: "The statement from a technical point of view is correct. I've had to explain that statement many times, but it is a propaganda-type statement because it has a direct interpretation in terms of annoyance or perceived level. While it is technically correct, and the Bureau of Standards will say that it is correct, it is very misleading. It sounds as though an SST is fifty times as loud. That is the interpretation that everyone gives that statement. But it doesn't mean that at all. It appears as if you'll hear something with fifty times the loudness and you don't."

Mr. Hubbard: "Say you had a four-engine airplane and you were running just one engine. There is a certain loudness associated with that one engine. Then you turn on the second engine. With two engines running it isn't twice as loud on any scale. If you turn all four engines on, it isn't four times as loud. Four engines make four times as much acoustic power, but the sound is not four times as loud to a person."

Mr. Chatham: "If you had an airplane with ten engines and you were to overfly with one engine going and hear that noise, and then overfly again with all ten engines going, the effect you would perceive would be double."

Pursuing Garwin's suggestion further, *SR* reached Dr. Karl Kryter, director of the Sensory Sciences Research Center at Stanford Research Institute. Dr. Kryter cautions that decibel measurements are preferred by engineers,

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but the "annoyance scale in your head doesn't go up as the physical noise increases in the air." Both Garwin and Magruder, as they state their respective cases, are correct, according to Kryter. However, says he, "I don't think Garwin needs to use this example of one to fifty, because it overstates the case. While Garwin is absolutely correct, I think he is overkilling by using a technical fact that would mislead some people. On the other hand, I think a three hundred to four hundred per cent increase in noisiness to something that is already intolerable to some people is beyond acceptable limits."

As an experiment, Kryter says, a person might put his hand on a counter and put a one-ounce weight on it. By adding another ounce does he feel twice the amount of pressure? If four more ounces are added, does it feel like six times as much pressure? Kryter thinks not. The same is true in noise. As you increase the noise level measured in EPNdB, the subjective scale grows in such a way that every time ten EPNdB is added, it seems twice as bad as before.

The Boom

Quite apart from the noise created by the engines of the SST is the presence of the much-discussed sonic boom. Although some persons in the arena of the debate, among them Secretary of Transportation John Volpe and former FAA director Lt. Gen. Elwood Quesada (a vigorous opponent of SST), are confident the boom will ultimately be licked, the boom, or *le bang sonique* as the French call it, is there and it won't go away. The FAA established a rule this year forbidding SSTs to fly over land, thus the British-French Concorde, the Soviet TU-144, and the American SST, if it is eventually put in production, will, as far as the United States is concerned, be over-ocean planes only.

The opponents of the SST would like to see the FAA rule become a law. Should the SST not find a market in transoceanic flight, economic pressures might force the government to relax its rule, they argue. As Representative Sidney Yates (Democrat-Ill.) has said tartly, "Someday they'll say that the sonic boom is the voice of progress."

An elaborate system of world routes for planes flying at supersonic speeds has been planned, all of it over water. The New York-to-Paris flight profile, for example, calls for a southern track with supersonic speeds commencing twenty-five minutes out, or well after the plane has departed the southern tip of Long Island. The southern track would keep it below Newfoundland. The most intense part of the boom, known as the super-boom, occurs just after transonic acceleration. The boom creates a carpet fifty miles wide, decreases as it spreads to the sides, and changes with the atmosphere.

The effect on sea birds is undetermined, but movies made of minks experimentally boomed in cages show a mother sniffing for danger and finding none, returning to her chore, washing her offspring. It is argued that the effect to passengers and crew on passenger liners and modern freighters and tankers will be minimal because ships are air conditioned and built to withstand heavy storms. The boom noise is expected to be attenuated by ocean waves and sounds of the ship itself. Those on sailboats and sports fishermen will not fare as well. Harvey Hubbard, director of NASA's acoustic branch, says, "There may be some cases where the noise will not be as sharp as a boom, but there will always be some disturbance there. In twenty thousand measurements, never once have we failed to get a signal. Our aerodynamics people feel it is pretty much the same as a boat going through water. It's pretty hard to eliminate the wake." While the sonic booms created by the SST flying at 60,000 feet should not be equated with military supersonics breaking windows while practicing evading techniques at low levels, about all science can do is to try to change the shape of the sound wave. These attempts are being called, in the elaborate argot of science, a "finite rise time pressure signature."

Pollution

Testifying before Senator William Proxmire's Joint Economic Committee studying the efficiency of the government, Russell Train, chairman of the Council on Environmental Quality, expressed doubt that a lowering of noise level can be made without cutting down the payload. Though building new airports would require enormous investment, some new airports will have to be built with or without an SST, and Dr. Train has acknowledged that "adequate land planning in such cases could minimize the effects of sideline noise."

While reaffirming the necessity of controlling the noise environment at the nation's airports, Train seemed more concerned with the problems that the airplane may create in the upper atmosphere. Accompanied by Dr. Gordon MacDonald, a member of the council, Train said, "The supersonic transport will fly at an altitude of between sixty thousand and seventy thousand feet. It will place into this part of the atmosphere large quantities of water, carbon dioxide, nitrogen oxides, and particulate matter. . . . A fleet of five hundred American SSTs and Concordes flying in this region of the atmosphere could, over a period of years, increase the water content by as much as fifty to one hundred per cent. This could be very significant, because observations indicate that the water vapor content of the stratosphere has already increased about fifty per cent over the last five years, due presumably to natural processes. There is a possibility, which should be researched, that subsonic jets have been contributing to this increase."

Train has indicated that the water in the atmosphere might warm the average surface temperature by two-tenths to three-tenths of a degree Fahrenheit. The water vapor could destroy "some fraction" of the ozone, exposing the Earth to ultraviolet radiation. Train called his evaluations "speculative," making the further point that the development of a prototype does not in itself have environmental consequences. Ultimately, Train, a lawyer, stepped aside in favor of Dr. MacDonald, a scientist who told the committee that the area in which supersonics plan to fly is ordinarily a dry part of the atmosphere, containing about two parts per million of water vapor. In the last four or five years, for reasons yet unfathomed by scientists, it has increased to three parts per million. Water vapor stays in the atmosphere for eighteen months, affecting the amount of heat that reaches the lower atmosphere. "If the concentra-

The International Supersonic Lineup

	U. S. SST	Concorde	TU-144
Maximum takeoff weight (pounds)	750,000	385,000	330,000
Length (feet)	298	193	188.5
Wing span (feet)	143	84	72
Height (feet)	52	38	34.5
Cruise speed:			
Mach number	2.7	2.05	2.35
Miles per hour	1,786	1,350	1,550
Passengers	298	128	120

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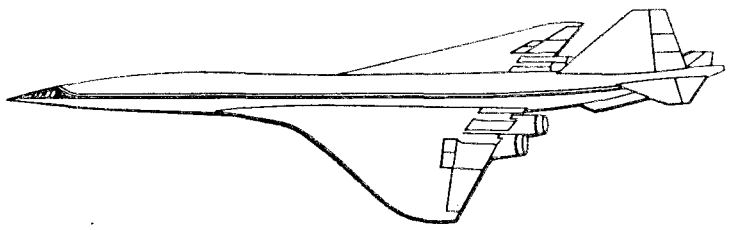

tion is increased sufficiently," MacDonald testified, "it could form high, thin layers of cloud that could persist for a long time and potentially could have a very large effect on climate."

MacDonald described the sun's radiation, and told about ultraviolet or hard radiation, which destroys cells. Ultraviolet radiation causes sunburn—"the fraction that does reach the surface"—and the ozone acts as a shield. As ozone is decreased in the upper atmosphere, "we *might* have *some* effect at ground level." If the ozone were to be stripped from the atmosphere, MacDonald said, and the surface of the Earth exposed to the full force of solar radiation, "it would wipe out all life except in the oceans." Twice in his testimony MacDonald stopped to say, "But I must emphasize we are just beginning to understand these consequences. It is a very iffy subject," and later, "It would be my judgment as one who has worked in the field that the effects probably would be minor." But, he added, he would not want to take the risk of tinkering with the upper air without more information.

It has been claimed, in a so-called domino theory of the upper air, that the change of a few tenths of a degree could set off a chain reaction that might produce an ice age, or conversely, as others say, start a warming trend that would melt the polar icecaps. Yet, the National Center for Atmospheric Research records significant temperature declines because of volcanic activity in 1816, 1837, 1884, 1893, and 1912. "The year without a summer," was the term for 1816, but as the chemicals and the water were cleansed from the air in a natural cycle, the earth found its mean temperature again.

William Magruder, who has recently announced a $27.6-million research program for the SST, questions the effects that the aircraft may have on the stratospheric pollution or weather change. He has said, "There is no evidence of any kind to verify that the temperature of the atmosphere will rise because of the water vapor in it. It's true that it's increasing, and we should know more about why it is increasing. We do have large research and development programs looking into it and not just because of the SST. There is just as much evidence to say it's good as it's bad, but if you've made up your mind to shoot at the SST, you can turn all your ifs against it. You can say *if* the water vapor were to get too high and destroyed the ozone, *all* of it, then the ultraviolet rays would descend on Earth and strip it of all life. Now, the total amount of zone that is going to be destroyed is about five or six per cent."

Many scientists agree that the amount of water placed in the atmosphere by a fleet of 400 SSTs in a day is the same amount injected into the upper atmosphere by one thunderstorm. There are about 3,000 to 6,000 thunderstorms exploding around the Earth every day.

"At one time," Magruder said, "the opponents in the scientific community wrote me a little paper that said the upper atmosphere went up nine degrees. From 1940 to 1955, it went down one degree. With the water being put out by the SST fleet in the atmosphere it *could* change the temperature one-to three-tenths of a degree. However, if it changed it five degrees, it would melt the polar icecap. Well, I went to them and said, 'From 1880 to 1940 when it went up nine degrees, no ice melted.' Back in 1883 when Krakatoa blew up and put a cubic *mile* of sea water way into the upper atmosphere, the explosion was heard three thousand miles away, and for one whole year the world had green sunsets. And nothing happened. The world temperature didn't change. The icecaps didn't melt. Isn't what's going on with natural evolution and what man is doing up there with a couple of airplanes pathetically tiny?

"We all agree we'd better do some research. But Garwin, who is predisposed one way and who has outlets through Reuss, Yates, and Proxmire, takes liberties with ifs and coulds and changes them to will and shall. There is nothing wrong with raising questions, but I very much disapprove of this approach people have that the end justifies the means. If I want the SST killed, it's okay for me to say it's going to melt the polar icecap, it's okay for me to play the sound game and make the housewife think it's fifty times as annoying while forgetting to say that out over the community it is half as annoying and it meets the best standards the FAA has set up to date. Only there on the runway do we have a problem, and we have eight years to work on it." Such attacks are very effective.

So, too, is the release of so-called secret reports attributed to the government in alleged collusion with the Boeing Company. Sometime this spring Congressman Henry Reuss received a page and a half of notes about the SST from an informant that were said to have been extracted from secret Boeing memos. "The uncertainties seem to surround nitrogen oxide enhancement and ozone deficiency in the stratosphere," said the report, a copy of which has come into the hands of *SR*. "You better check with some chemists or atmospheric scientists to see what effect this has on the environment. I think a stronger and possibly more politically powerful environmental argument can be made on jet engine noise level, particularly around the airports," the informant's note said.

A letter requesting a copy of the so-called Boeing report on which the informant's notes were based was sent by Reuss to Secretary of Transportation Volpe. The Secretary forwarded it immediately to Magruder, who had it by 5:30 Friday afternoon, June 5. Magruder ran a search of his organization, called Boeing in Seattle, and asked them to do the same. At 6:30 he called Reuss, who was on the floor and unreachable. Magruder left a message with his administrative assistant, James Verdier, offering to open his files and give the Congressman access to any material he had. Reuss's office declined the invitation.

Over the weekend Magruder did turn up a Boeing scientist who had been working in a laboratory environment employing a computer synthesis model. Using a hypothetical fleet of 500 SSTs, he fed equations into the computer to determine the effects on the upper air. In the experiment, the answer came out showing that moisture could cause a temperature change of ten degrees. When the report was examined, it was found that the computer programing was off by an order of magnitude. What should have been a tenth of a degree was shown as ten degrees, and the direction was wrong.

Magruder then called Reuss's office back to say he had found an interoffice memo in the Boeing scientific research laboratory. He asked for a copy of the notes given to Reuss in order to correct the error. Verdier refused on the grounds that Reuss's notes were secret. Magruder told Verdier, "If some evidence comes up that we ought to stop the SST, my voice is to be the first one that says so, and everybody in the administration will back me up. So I don't understand how you can have documents that are secret from me."

At 6 o'clock Sunday night, June 7,

(*Continued on page* 37)

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Saturday Review

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It Takes All Kinds

Will Durant, in *The Lessons of History*, an epilogue to his magnificent ten-volume *Story of Civilization*, says that "History in the large is the conflict of minorities; the majority applauds the victor and supplies the human material of social experiment. Intellect, therefore, is a vital force in history, but it also can be a dissolvent and destructive power. Out of every hundred new ideas ninety-nine or more will probably be inferior to the traditional responses which they propose to displace. No one man, however brilliant or well informed, can come in one lifetime to such fullness of understanding as to safely judge and dismiss the customs or institutions of his society, for these are the wisdom of generations after centuries of experiment in the laboratory of history."

Durant goes on to write that the conservative who resists change is as valuable as the radical who proposes it, "perhaps as much more valuable as roots are more vital than grafts. It is good that new ideas should be heard, for the sake of the few that can be used; but it is also good that new ideas should be compelled to go through the mill of objection, opposition, and contumely; this is the trial heat which innovations must survive before being allowed to enter the human race."

Immanuel Kant warned against observing the past only as a tapestry woven out of vanity, frenzy, and destruction with no account made for goodness in men or a gradual enlightenment. Similarly, Arnold Toynbee has often rejected the idea of history as chaotic and disorderly, with no plan or sequence, no cycle or evolution but simply a "fortuitous flux" void of rhythms, patterns, or improvements in the human condition. It has been said many times that those who ignore history are condemned to relive it, but it is equally true that to refuse to acknowledge an overall pattern in history implies a skepticism in keeping with neither humanism nor the democratic tradition. In other words, when today's nihilists declaim that history is bunk and the whole story of mankind a woeful tale of unending bungling, pessimism, and disaster, they support a retrogressive philosophy rather than an evolutionary one. In fact, some of them ignorantly adopt only one side of the historical definition of nihilism.

Most people think of nihilism as having to do only with terror, revolution, assassination, arson, and dynamiting, and in certain contexts this was once the case. Under the czarist regimes of the nineteenth century, some Russian revolutionaries believed that the social, economic, and monarchial institutions of the time had to be done away with, no matter what chaos or anarchy followed. But this is not what the nihilistic philosophy ultimately meant. It was defined something like this: Every evil can be traced to a single source—ignorance—and science alone can overcome ignorance. Prince Kropotkin once defined nihilism as "a struggle against all hypocrisy and artificiality in favor of individual freedom." This leading Russian philosophical anarchist believed in revolt by the new generation against all forms of the czarist establishment on the basis of ultimate faith in scientific truth and with little or no acknowledgment of religion.

But overturning everything we know and are has never appealed to the towering minds of the past, including those who conducted the great American revolt. Even the great liberals of America's past have been fairly conservative in their historical judgments. Thomas Jefferson, a slaveholder, could see no way that black and white could live together in harmony in a society of equals, and he said more than once that the United States would one day pay bitterly for having brought the black man in chains to this continent, a price tag for our crime against humanity. Jefferson also did not believe—although we have been taught otherwise about him—that every corner of the world and all men were capable of governing themselves by the democratic method. His devotion to self-government in America was, however, as intense and consistent as his devotion to liberty.

What we are trying to say here, particularly to the impatient young who proclaim violence as the way out and as the only, if simplistic, solution to every modern crisis, is that it takes all kinds to make a world and that not all of our ancestors were utter fools, nor all of our former ideas errant. The new generation must learn to use the past, not destroy it; build upon it a new and lovely brotherhood many men have dreamed of. But the past, if prologue, is the rock foundation from which the new structure must rise. Isaac Newton said: "If I have seen further, it is by standing on the shoulders of giants." And Albert Einstein added: "My inner and outer life are based on the labors of other men, living and dead." To toss away (or blast away) the carefully laid foundation would be to lose incalculable time, a setback we can no longer afford.

—Richard L. Tobin.

Humility

by John Frederick Nims

This flower was humble, nunnish, hugged the sod.
Wouldn't, to flaunt its glory, once un-wad.
"What! Show myself?" it squeaked. "And rival God?"

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Letters to the Editor

Viewing Israel

THANK YOU for William D. Patterson's article "Not to Kill, But to Live" [*SR*, July 25]. For once, we see an enlightening and perceptive view of the true conditions existing in Israel instead of the rhetoric and propaganda spewed by the Soviets and the Arab news machines.

Perhaps *SR*'s readers will understand the true situation as it exists. One can readily see that Arabs and Jews *can* live together, with the Arabs in Israel enjoying a better standard of living, free elections, membership in the Knesset, and other privileges of a free society.

However, may I correct one statement in the article: Dr. Albert Sabin, who developed the oral polio vaccine, and not Dr. Jonas Salk, is the president of Israel's Weizmann Institute of Science.

HYMAN GUBMAN, D.D.S.,
Bronx, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *To the many readers who pointed out the error in naming Dr. Salk as the new director of the Weizmann Institute, Mr. Patterson replies: "I have no excuse or explanation for this regrettable mistake. My own notes named Dr. Sabin as director."*

ARTICLES such as William Patterson's disturb me because of their self-righteousness.

With the creation of Israel, the Western world has salved some of the guilt pangs stemming from the mistreatment of Jews throughout its history. But it has done this at the price of the land and the rights of the Palestinian people, whose homeland was taken away after 2,000 years of occupancy.

STEVEN WARNER,
Lawrence, Kan.

Glyph-hanger

AMATEURS OF ancient history and anthropology will welcome the new insights and fields for speculation revealed in John Lear's interesting article "Ancient Landings in America" [*SR*, July 18]. However, anyone who seriously examines the comparisons shown of Aztec glyphs with the Cretan glyphs on the Phaistos Disc will discover that the angled Cretan figure is not to be found on the disc: The inverted bowl-shaped symbol is much flatter than it should be; the ear of corn is not so neatly defined at the stem end; and the "hand" as shown only superficially resembles the original Cretan symbol, which does not have an open-fingered construction, and has a "wrapped" appearance at the base. The original is actually more like a plant or a fan than a hand. Also, the animal head shown has been redrawn to a rounder, more realistic form than can be found in photographs of the disc, where the figure is more angular and abstract.

Sets of similarities between various pictographs or hieroglyphic writings are fairly common. For instance, there is one showing the very close resemblances between some glyphs of the Indus Valley script and some from the Easter Island writing, on p. 173 of Johannes Friedrich's *Extinct Languages* (The Philosophical Library, Inc., New York, paperback, c. 1957). But Friedrich says: " . . . in the decipherment of a script, people are likely to commit the methodological error of stating that 'whatever *looks* similar in two scripts means the same thing' " (p. 157). And Gelb states: "Much more important . . . than the comparison of outer forms of individual signs is the comparison of inner characteristics" (*op. cit.*, p. 217).

Signs similar to those on the Metcalf Stone can be found among the symbols used in many other writings. Geometrical figures, such as the straight line, circle, and triangle, are universal; the double curved line, in a more angular form, was used by the Sumerians; the rayed circle by the ancient Chinese; and the double ax by the Hittites. The final symbol, equated with a Minoan "ingot," looks much more like an animal pelt or hide, if anything. Even if this "hide" and "ingot" originally represented the same thing, such as a unit of trade, that is no guarantee that they would translate identically half a world apart. Analogously, the German word "*Gift*" means "poison"; equating it with the English word "gift" on the basis of similarities in appearance might lead to unfortunate consequences.

Perhaps it is presumptuous of me, as an untrained amateur of archeology, to say that Professor Cyrus Gordon seems to have taken a rather soaring leap to somewhat dubious conclusions. But from the evidence presented, I do not believe that the existence of "Ancient Aegean writing . . . near the Gulf of Mexico" has been proved.

ELEANOR BISSETT HASSINK,
Dayton, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Advised of the above letter, Professor Gordon referred Mrs. Hassink and other critics to his forthcoming book "Links Between the Old World and Ancient America."*

Planning for People

I SHOULD LIKE TO COMMENT on some of the implications put forward in the Olin advertisement entitled "A Monument to Disastrous City Planning" that appeared in the June 6 issue of *SR*.

The ad carries the clear message that following Washington's example of "broad esplanades and open spaces" is one reason our cities are in so much trouble today, and that no city can afford to "waste this much space." However, the ad tends to overlook some of the real problems of our large cities, such as inadequate transportation systems, tax structures, and family financial poverty.

The ad calls for building "up, not out." I submit that the very density Olin expounds is one cause of so many of our problems. People—live human families—seek the amenities so idealized in eighteenth-century thought. The problem is that we in the twentieth century have not been able to couple our progress with these amenities. This is why people move out to suburbs: to seek those open spaces, houses with a bit of green, the small shops, and all. To substitute vertical subway systems for horizontal ones, to further isolate the individual in concrete towers, to "preserve our suburbs" while making our cities unlivable in the name of "improvement" would be most unfortunate.

I agree that sometimes in existing cities there might not be any realistic alternative to multiple-purpose structures and experimentation under adverse space conditions. However, had more cities developed as has Washington, with appreciation of these amenities, their residents today would enjoy a more livable urban environment.

WALTER J. HICKEL,
Secretary of the Interior,
Washington, D.C.

"It does frighten one. It is the special file on dissenters."

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Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

A Vote for August

Named for one of the Caesars,
full of humidity and heat,
season of flies and sneezers,
when chair will stick to seat.

Unless you happen to win it
for vacation, month number eight
has no proper holiday in it—
from Fourth to Labor Day we wait.

England has a bank holiday,
in Japan they fete the moon,
but our bankers simply scab away
and we view the moon as a ruin.

Month of the lion and the virgin
are the thirty-one stark days,
which the sun holds its annual purge in,
and an homage to which no one pays.

So herewith's a paean, a cheer
to that fortnight-and-half neglected,
and for the next holiday to appear,
I move it be elected.

—D. De Paola.

When Your Mailbox Flunks

If you are new to the rural area, you'll probably go all to pieces when your roadside mailbox fails inspection. In the first place you had no idea that mailboxes were inspected, and secondly, you never realized so many things could be wrong with your mailbox.

Oh, the shame of it all when you fetch the mail and find a white and green official mailbox rejection sheet, POD Form 4056. There are eighteen little blocks for the mailman to check, including one that says, "Your box is not an approved box."

At the top of the form, in italics, it says: *Your Mail Box Needs Attention.* Nearby are pictures of two mailboxes. One is all battered and leaning; the other, straight and neat. To drive the point home, the Post Office Department takes a leaf from children's look-think-circle books, and asks: "Which one looks like your mail box?"

You know you're in disgrace when you find several of the following blocks checked:

"The door needs attention."

"The signal flag needs attention."

"Box must be located so carrier can serve it without leaving vehicle."

"Your box is not waterproof."

"Your box should be raised _____ inches."

"Your box should be lowered _____ inches."

"Your box should be on the right-hand side of the road as traveled by the carrier."

"The approach to your box should be kept free of snow."

"Your box is too near the road."

"Your box is too far from the road."

"Your box should face the road."

"Your box should be securely fastened to its support."

"Your box should be leveled, and the post firmly planted."

"A new post for your box should be provided."

"The approach to your box should be filled and properly graded and kept unobstructed at all times."

"Your box should be painted to prevent rusting."

"Your name and box number must be printed not less than one inch high on the side of the box visible to the carrier as he regularly approaches it or on the door if the boxes are grouped."

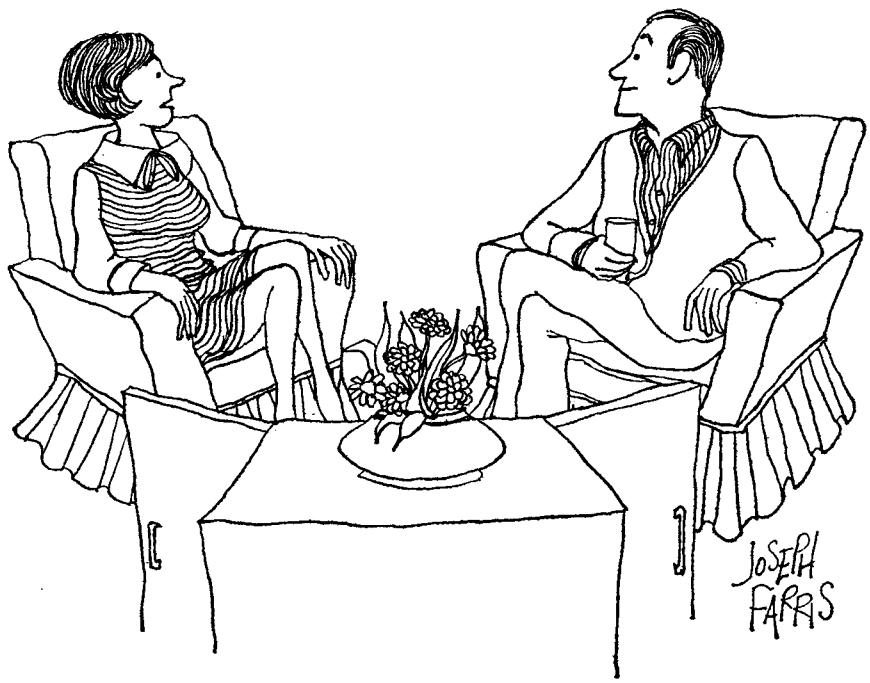
At the bottom of the form is a blank space for "Other Irregularities." It is impossible to think of any.

If you installed your own mailbox, chances are that the "Your box should be lowered" block will be checked. A too tall mailbox, which makes the rural carrier strain himself reaching up, or worse yet, leave his vehicle, is a common offense.

Here's what happens: You dig the hole, put in the post, and start to shovel the dirt back. When you tamp the dirt around the post, some of it gets underneath and pushes it up. As you continue to fill and tamp, the post slowly and sneakily rises higher and higher. By the time you're finished, it's illegal.

To pass inspection, you must dig out the post and make the hole deeper, or remove the mailbox, saw a few inches off the post, and then fasten the box back on again. Make sure it faces the road. The Post Office Department has a good point there.

—Dereck Williamson.



"I can't get it straight. Which one is the good guy . . . Prince Souphanouvong or Prince Souvanna Phouma?"

WIT TWISTER #177

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

I once _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _, in
thought, my past mistakes
And oft _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ myself with bitter force.
But the old Self itself through love remakes;
New thoughts _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ me from old remorse.

Medora Carpenter,
Hollywood, Calif.

(*Answer on page* 30)

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Frost Removed from Olympus

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

ROBERT FROST:
The Years of Triumph, 1915-1938

by Lawrance Thompson

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 744 pp., $15

In 1939, at the age of sixty-five, Robert Frost invited Lawrance Thompson, then a young curator of rare books at Princeton, to become his official biographer. Oddly enough, considering his obsessive concern with his public image, Frost made no attempt to dictate Mr. Thompson's approach to the available materials, nor did he ask at any time to see the manuscript in progress. His only stipulation was that no part of it should be published during his lifetime.

Mr. Thompson accordingly did not bring out the first volume of his projected three-volume work until 1966, three years after Frost's death. However, as far back as 1942 he had published, with Frost's approval, *Fire and Ice,* an excellent critical study of the poetry, and in 1964 he had prepared the way for the biography by editing the *Selected Letters*—which, as he says, contains letters suggesting the "vicissitudes" of his friendship with the poet. Mr. Thompson has now issued the second volume of his biography, carrying forward the account of Frost's life from the years of his initial literary success in England just before and during World War I, through the period of his widest fame in this country, to the death of his wife in 1938. Like the first volume, it is a work of brilliant scholarship and psychological portraiture, and it confirms the impression made by the first: that Mr. Thompson is engaged on what will surely be recognized as the definitive biography of Frost, as well as an extraordinary study of the tragic cost of major literary achievement in modern times.

The delay of more than twenty-five years between Mr. Thompson's appointment as biographer and the publication of his first volume was, of course, required by the terms of his arrangement with Frost. Nevertheless, it might have been a serious frustration and could easily have damaged his relationship with his materials. Instead, it seems to have worked powerfully to his advantage. Not only has the interval given him a chance to correct numerous errors of interpretation and fact to be found in other biographical studies appearing as late as 1964, but, far more important, the passage of so much time has allowed both public and critical attitudes toward Frost to grow more flexible and sophisticated, hence more receptive to certain disclosures about his character that at one time would have been considered a profanation of the memory of a universally beloved man.

It would not be true to say that Frost's reputation has declined since his death. But his image is inevitably less clear than previously, and it has lost much of the aura of holiness that once surrounded it and for so many years made it immensely difficult to speak of Frost except in tones of the blandest and most pietistic encomium. As a result, it is now possible to approach him—as Mr. Thompson does—with some real objectivity and candor, and not risk causing a revolution or being accused of desecrating a national monument. Apparently, too, sufficient information has now circulated to indicate that Frost was not entirely the benign rustic he pretended in public to be—that there was something both more complicated and less attractive about the man than showed on the surface of his personality and his poetry.

But perhaps the most important reason for the change of attitude toward Frost is that his artistic identity has been so radically transformed by criticism over the last twenty years that his admirers of the early 1900s would

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, Time to Murder and Create,* and other works of criticism. His *In the Country of the Young* was published earlier this year.

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scarcely be expected to realize that the poet described in the latest studies of his work is in fact Robert Frost.

Basically, he has been dislodged from his position of wholesome bardic primitive and been assimilated into the modern tradition. He may not be considered a modernist in quite the same sense as Eliot, Pound, and Wallace Stevens, but he is now recognized as belonging somewhere in their company, and he is regularly discussed in a critical language originally formulated to define the qualities of their work—a language that until fairly recently seemed wholly inapplicable to Frost.

When Lionel Trilling, speaking on the occasion of Frost's eighty-fifth birthday in 1959, called him a "terrifying" poet, he did more than provoke the indignation of conservative critics, who reacted as though Mother and the American flag had been blasphemed. The importance of the statement was that in it Mr. Trilling officially ratified Frost's membership in the modern canon, and so made it respectable forever after to speak of him as a poet, like Yeats, of masks and mysteries, of darkness and irrationality—the whole demonic commitment of our century. It followed, furthermore, that if Frost was a terrifying poet, he could be described and analyzed in terms of his personal terrors and neuroses. He was no longer a Victorian patriarch entitled to all the privacy and respectability belonging to that office. He was a vulnerable modern, ridden with anxieties that were not only interesting in themselves but of undoubted value as clues to the secrets of his art. For poetry in our time was, as everybody knew, neither the "spontaneous overflow of powerful feelings" nor the confident affirmation of pretentious platitudes. In the opinion of certain critics it may have become an arrangement of images and symbols to be evaluated on the basis of its intrinsic formal properties. But the assumption underlying the modern view is that poetry, like fiction, is also something more, that finally it is an imaginative means of compensating for neurotic difficulty, a structure of order precariously maintained in the face of anguish, perhaps even a triumph of sanity over the desire to die.

Mr. Thompson has clearly derived much benefit from this liberalized approach to Frost. It has given him a freedom no biographer before him could possibly have enjoyed. Yet he never sees it as a liberty to be taken at Frost's expense. There is no sense in which he can be accused of having written an exposé or even a fashionably cynical psychoanalytic study. He has not played Lytton Strachey, and he shows no symptoms of the moral dis-

—Plymouth State College Library

Robert Frost in 1915—multiform.

taste for his subject that marred Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway. He has avoided what must at times have been an overwhelming temptation to sensationalize those aspects of Frost's character that were reprehensible in the extreme. There is nothing in his language or his selection of material to indicate that Mr. Thompson was in the least affected by the frequently heretical impression which the facts of Frost's life create.

The image of Robert Frost that emerges from behind this rather chilling objectivity is at times profoundly unpleasant. Yet it is far more meaningful, believable, and, in a curious way, more admirable than the Grant Wood-Mount Rushmore stereotype in which Frost's memory is reverently entombed in the minds of so many people. For Mr. Thompson's Frost has at least the virtue of being complex enough and tormented enough to be capable of writing something more serious than Christmas-card doggerel, and that, we must assume, represents some gain in our comprehension of what a certain kind of creative personality must necessarily be like.

Frost's personality was, of course, multiform. It consisted of a number of different identities, all uneasily inhabiting the man, and each from time to time becoming the persona behind one of the several masks of the poet. But, as Mr. Thompson develops his portrait, two Frosts finally become dominant, and they obviously constitute the polarities between which Frost vacillated in his lifelong effort to achieve some kind of emotional equilibrium. First, and perhaps least important, is the arduously self-created cliché: the backwoods innocent, his voice shaking with stage fright, who was transmogrified into the wise old darling of the lecture circuits. Then there is the equally frightened man who wrote the poetry, who was compelled to poetry partly in order not to commit suicide—or even, as he was sometimes tempted, to murder. Operating behind or beneath but always vigorously in the service of this Frost is still another, whom one would like to think is secondary: a man who formed himself into conceivably the most skillful literary politician of his day and stopped at nothing to promote his poetry even if it meant indulging in the most abject fawning and flattery and exploited his family and friends to a degree that would seem contemptible if one did not bear in mind that behind it all was a compulsion to succeed which was, for all practical purposes, indistinguishable from the compulsion to remain sane. Thompson's portrait, in short, is of a man driven to shoring up fragments of coherence and self-aggrandizement against the threat of his imminent ruin. Hence, there must be at least an edge of charity in any judgment of him.

Mr. Thompson unquestionably has charity. But he also makes it clear that from early childhood Frost was a most promising candidate for mental collapse. He was the classic instance of the sensitive boy torn between an overly indulgent yet frigidly puritanical mother and a father who was overly authoritarian yet ineffectual in his profession and an alcoholic, a man who was unable either to win the love of his son or to inspire his active, therapeutic hatred. Then there was the equally classic factor of physical displacement, in Frost's case from his familiar boyhood world in San Francisco to the alien territory of New England—a displacement Frost was to re-enact for most of his life with incessant, apparently directionless wanderings from farm to farm and from one college campus to another. The experience of his early years clearly contained all the stuff of creativity or psychosis. The two potentialities happened to coexist in Frost in some kind of tolerable balance; that of derangement, however, proved a tragic actuality for his sister Jeanie, who became increasingly unbalanced as she grew older and finally died in a mental hospital.

But Frost somehow managed, at times just barely, to keep from breaking. His tensions were different from his sister's, and he had the good fortune not only to possess superior will power but to be able to derive strength from sources external to himself, which apparently happened always to become accessible to him at just the moment when he needed them most. Throughout his life he seems to have found comfort in the teachings of Swedenborg, to which he had been introduced

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as a result of his mother's fortuitous encounter in San Francisco with the Society of the New Jerusalem. During a certain critical period of his boyhood when it looked very much as though he were about to succumb permanently to indolence, he was saved, remarkably enough, by a chance reading of *Tom Brown's School Days*, which so fired him with a zeal for clean living and muscular thinking that he was transformed almost at once into a prize scholar. At another turning point in his life, while he was a special student at Harvard and undergoing a crisis of faith that had driven him close to suicide, Frost found the incentive to go on living in the psychology and example of William James, who had himself endured a similar crisis, had seriously contemplated suicide, and had published his reflections on the problem of faith in *The Will to Believe*. Still another source of inspiration for Frost was Thoreau, and more than once during a time of depression a reading of *Walden* gave him courage and, more importantly, justification for becoming the kind of poet he wished to be.

In spite of these consolations, the cost of sanity and of continued productivity was always on the verge of being too high, and Frost ended by paying it in full many times over. He was a constant sufferer from neurotic anxiety and innumerable psychosomatic ills, and his wife and children appear to have been sick more often than they were well. His first son, Elliot, died at the age of three. His daughter, Marjorie, died of complications following childbirth. His second son, Carol, committed suicide. Between Frost and his wife, Elinor, there appears to have been considerable tension and very little else, except long-suffering patience on her part and, on his, a curious insensitivity to her needs.

Frost's personal life was blighted in the extreme. He seemed fated for unhappiness, and the story of his many depressions, disappointments, and family disasters is one of the most pathetic in our literature. Yet, however much he may have suffered, there was always the satisfaction of his poetry, and there was always the political game of huckstering himself into recognition and finally fame. After years of drifting and obscurity Frost took his family to England, and there, from 1912 to 1915, he devoted his full energies to oiling every lever that might be used to promote his career. He befriended Pound and assiduously cultivated that friendship because Pound was in a position to arrange for the publication of his poems and to proselytize for him in the most influential literary circles. After his return to this

(*Continued on page 29*)

Drugs: The Landscape of Grass and Snow

by HENRY S. RESNIK

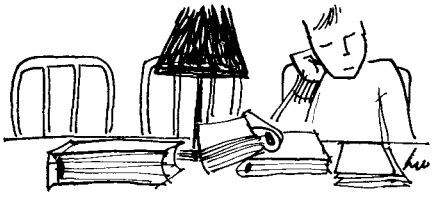
MARIJUANA: The New Prohibition, by John Kaplan (*World, 387 pp., $8.50*); **SPEED, by William Burroughs III** (*Olympia, 191 pp.; paperback, $1.25*); **THE MUSIC OF THEIR LAUGHTER: An American Album, by Roderick Thorp and Robert Blake** (*Harper & Row, 187 pp., $7.95*); **POETIC VISION AND THE PSYCHEDELIC EXPERIENCE, by R. A. Durr** (*Syracuse University Press, 275 pp., $9*)

The first great American drug scare occurred in the spring and summer of 1967, when hordes of middle-class kids dropped out to make the scene in Haight-Ashbury and the East Village. For months afterwards the mass media displayed an insatiable craving for news about the kids' latest caper. Then the media suffered from an overdose, and the story died quickly. One might have thought the drug movement had died with it, but, despite reports that LSD caused chromosomal damage, the youth of America were well into the evolution of a new culture in which drugs play a major role. Now, of course, the story is back again, bigger and gaudier than ever, generating an increasing number of books.

The story of youth and drugs has a distinctly different tone in its new incarnation, however; mainly it's much scarier, for there can be no question that many young people are hurting themselves through drug abuse. Hence "the drug problem" with which the media have lately become so infatuated. More and more young Americans use drugs, and they start younger. A hundred million people in this country are under the age of twenty-five; according to the most conservative estimates, twelve million of them have experimented with marijuana. No one knows exactly how many move on to more dangerous drugs, but the prevailing drug *machismo* of the youth culture certainly increases the temptation.

Nevertheless, when the Establishment rants about the drug problem, it is really talking more about a life-style than drugs, and the extreme cases of abuse are raked up over and over again for their shock value. Every day last spring an hour or two of prime-time TV in New York focused on the narcotics habits of the young. Youthful alcoholism could never have commanded so much attention. It's not the fact that kids use drugs that makes everyone else uptight (and it is kids, after all, about whom so much of the fuss is being made—the problem was never so serious when the main victims were the ghetto poor). Rather, it's the particular drugs they use, especially marijuana and LSD. Hallucinogenic drugs and rock music are the staples of the basically youth-oriented counterculture, and this culture poses a genuine threat to the styles and mores of the American mainstream.

At this point the threat doesn't seem likely to diminish—it flourishes, apparently, on opposition—and liberalization of the anti-drug laws, particularly the anti-marijuana laws, will probably be politically motivated if and when it comes. Yet John Kaplan, a forty-one-year-old professor of law at Stanford



University, who has participated in an international commission on drug problems, makes an excellent case in *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* for a drastic revision of the federal and state anti-marijuana laws on purely practical grounds. Most proponents of marijuana don't need any convincing; they have reached a point where breaking the law can even be a pleasant part of the ritual. *Marijuana: The New Prohibition* is not, however, a book for casual users. It's an almost rigidly argued, lock-step examination of the "costs" and "benefits" of the current anti-marijuana laws, and it reaches the seemingly incontrovertible conclusion that the benefits are so far outweighed by the costs as to render the laws prohibitively expensive, both in economic and social terms. Nor does Kaplan give the slightest suggestion that he is one of your new-fangled hippie lawyers; on the contrary, the

HENRY S. RESNIK is the author of *Turning On the System*.

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tone of the book is conservative and even stuffy—perhaps deliberately so.

The main consequences of the laws, in Kaplan's view, are to make felons of a vast segment of the population who would not otherwise be involved in crime, and to lead the user into a state of alienation from the society and its legal system generally. In short, though Kaplan doesn't quite say it, the anti-marijuana laws are among the chief offenders in the current breakdown of "law and order."

Why were they created at all? Why did Congress in 1937—four years after the end of Prohibition, with which Kaplan draws some revealing parallels—make the sale, possession, and use of marijuana illegal? In spite of the moralistic denouncements from anti-marijuana stalwarts like Harry J. Anslinger, a former commissioner of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, the evidence for the social evils of marijuana is ludicrously insufficient. Take, for example, the crucial Licata case of 1933, in which a Florida youth killed his mother, father, two brothers, and a sister. Investigations revealed that the youth had been smoking marijuana for six months prior to the murders, and in a few days the local papers were printing editorials with such headings as "Stop This Murderous Smoke." Anslinger, at one time the strongest opponent of marijuana in the country, placed his chief emphasis on this case when he argued for anti-marijuana legislation. But no one could ever prove that marijuana had actually caused the murders. Kaplan believes that the young man's long history of psychosis offers a much more convincing explanation. The most reliable studies on the subject, he contends, indicate that there is no causal link whatever between marijuana and aggression.

Not only is the historical precedent for the law lacking in substance, according to Kaplan's account, but there is very little evidence to support the numerous myths with which politicians, legal officers, and such various authorities as doctors and deans argue for a continuation of the prohibition. Among the most popular is the contention that marijuana is addictive and that it leads to the use of more dangerous drugs, specifically amphetamines, barbiturates, LSD, and heroin. Regarding addiction, ". . . it appears that for the great majority of American users, marijuana is easier to give up than tobacco or alcohol." There is a definite association between marijuana and the more dangerous drugs, Kaplan observes, but this depends to a great extent on a general predisposition to drug use in the first place. And while studies suggest that marijuana itself does not cause the user to proceed to more dangerous drugs, the "criminalization" of marijuana may actually encourage such a course by forcing the user into frequent association with the hard-core drug culture. While the available evidence actually shows a negative correlation between use of heroin and of marijuana, the outlawing of marijuana may well contribute to some cases of experimentation with and addiction to the stronger drug.

Anyone in a position to do something about anti-marijuana laws should read *Marijuana: The New Prohibition.* General readers and happy heads will not find it a book to turn on with, however; it's tedious and slow, relieved only occasionally by anecdotes that reveal anti-marijuana puritans to be the modern equivalent of the WCTU. Originally Kaplan and several colleagues compiled most of the information in the book for the Joint Legislative Committee to Revise the Penal Code of the State of California, but apparently the committee didn't take to his style for its own reasons. After the team of lawyers recommended liberalization of the anti-marijuana law, "the Legislative Committee summarily fired all of the Reporters and replaced them with a prosecutor from the attorney general's office."

Marijuana is here to stay, one gathers from John Kaplan's book, and we might as well make it legal. But what of the more dangerous drugs, specifically amphetamines ("speed") and heroin, which, according to the teenybopper underground, are rapidly becoming the high-status kicks of the turned-on generation? To whatever extent the abuse of these drugs exists, it is certainly a problem. Unfortunately, there are few hard facts and statistics on teen-age drug abuse, hence a gold mine of scare potential. Chances are that the number of those who mess themselves up with the more dangerous drugs is still minute in comparison with the growing majority for whom smoking grass has become a puberty rite, but the danger ought to be heeded anyway.

Speed supplies the gorier details of the youthful drug scene in hideous living color. The book is an autobiographical account of several weeks in the life of a young man, William Burroughs III (son of the author of *Naked Lunch*), who takes off from his grandparents' home in West Palm Beach one day, hitches to New York with his sidekick-buddy, and stays high on a veritable arsenal of drugs, principally methedrine, until he has a change of heart and heads home again. The time is the heavy summer of 1967; Burroughs is in his late teens, and drugs are so much a part of the world he inhabits that the only people who seem really freaky are the ones who aren't flying. Shooting methedrine affects the user like a giant diet pill; Burroughs notes almost casually that, among the other ravages of his New York visit, he "hadn't slept or eaten for two weeks. . . . There were two sores . . . where my ribs were stretching through," and "In the days that followed, we shot all the speed we could get our hands on . . . the hands got thinner and thinner every night in the candlelight."

Speed will probably elicit from most concerned adults an uncontrollable desire to lecture. But lectures from parents and teachers no longer work with most kids. Current reports indicate that the only people they'll listen to with respect are former addicts. Kids reading *Speed,* on the other hand, are likely to see it as merely an accurate portrayal of their scene. Even though Burroughs finally concludes that "the rest of my natural life was about three months unless I got out of New York," most of the young people who read the book can hardly be expected to find it shocking.

Part of the reason for this is the author's own wise-cracking bravado. He rarely lets on that the life he's made for himself might actually be causing him some problems. When he suffers frequent encounters with cops and the inevitable paranoia, gets busted several times, and falls victim to innumerable bad vibrations among his supposed friends, he tends to see the unpleasantness as a result of the intolerance and hassles of "the system" rather than as a symptom of his own hangups. Describing the street kids in Greenwich Village, he leaves no question of what he thinks the problem really is:

> They looked tense and annoyed and they weren't kidding. The postwar Beat Movement may have been religious but excluding a few archaic nuts, most of the folks I know today want nothing more than to wipe their asses with the whole country starting with the President. I mean it's garrison belts and heavy boots. . . . I read some article by a foremost psychologist, ha, ha, who thinks that these are the businessmen and political leaders of tomorrow. "A healthy phase," he says, and not to worry, soon they will shave and shear and take the reins of our runaway tin horse. No, I know a lot of these "hippies" and neither they nor their friends have any intention of punking down to America. They are sick of it and its leaders. Guard the

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military schools closely, and keep up the school spirit with vigor, because your prize kiddies are escaping right out from under your noses, folks. But they have to damn near kill themselves to do it.

This has conviction, but Burroughs's own misfortune with speed goes deeper. It's a dangerous adolescent crisis from which, if we can believe him, he eventually learns more than he could ever have learned if a solicitous adult had preached at him and tried to frighten him with reports and statistics. The moment of awareness comes just before he decides he'd better leave New York as soon as possible:

> What did I think I was doing here? I asked, disgusted at my disgusted self, and knew it was nothing—only grubby rooms, staggering highs, and what roaring incompetence. But maybe it *wasn't* nothing, I thought. I was trying to be something—anything, and not being very successful even at that. No great wonder that "Who am I?" was difficult, I thought, because when I boil it down I get a screwed-up kid. . . .
>
> . . . to become a man, a boy must prove himself, and I was out to be gutted and wired and starved just a bit. To see what was up. Then, later, to think about what had happened, and who would be doing the thinking then? A stronger flesh would surely come away. At least that was what I thought; I don't recommend it at all. . . .

Speed virtually begs to be compared with *Junkie*, the first book by William Burroughs senior. The principal differences seem at first to be only the drugs and the cities (Burroughs senior used heroin and fled to Mexico). Despite striking parallels, however, the two books are essentially at opposite poles. *Junkie* is a documentary about heroin and addicts, and the author is a cool, detached observer even when he is personally involved in the details of his story. *Speed* is intimate, occasionally lyrical, and impressionistic. While the younger Burroughs may be the lesser writer (though he is a writer of promise), he comes off the warmer, more human of the two. *Speed* should be required reading for sophisticated teen-agers and naïve adults. It's honest, and it doesn't have anything to sell. But wise parents and teachers had better let the teen-agers find this out for themselves.

In contrast, *The Music of Their Laughter*, a selection of tape transcriptions by Roderick Thorp and Robert Blake, is just slightly disgusting. How could a slick package (contact prints of one presumably "groovy" long-haired boy adorn the jacket front and back) that boasts "32 Teen-agers Really Open Up About Today's Youth Scene"

(*Continued on page* 30)

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Aspects of Pound

DURING THE SUMMER of 1948, when I was a first-year resident in psychiatry at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington, D.C., I was assigned to examine Ezra Pound. The circumstances of that examination and my thoughts at that time are of no consequence. However, the experience enables me to make a clarification in A. Alvarez's review of Noel Stock's *The Life of Ezra Pound* [*SR*, July 18]. The writer states, "Pound was in a hospital for the criminally insane." Some sentences later he writes, "Pound spent nearly thirteen long years in St. Elizabeth's before he was released." These two statements, both accurate, do not mean the same thing.

Ezra Pound was confined at St. Elizabeth's by Federal Court order after he had been found insane in a pretrial mental examination. He was placed initially in the Howard Hall section of that hospital. Howard Hall, a most unpleasant place which no longer exists, was the maximum security area, and it was known as the section for the "criminally insane." Some men were confined there because their criminal acts had caused them to be regarded as highly dangerous to others, some because they were Federal prisoners whose escape had to be prevented.

Pound had been removed from Howard Hall quite some time before I met him. I do not know the date of his removal, but his stay in that section had to be less than three years. In his new quarters, old and unlovely, but spacious and clean, and the best that St. Elizabeth's had to offer, Pound enjoyed considerable privileges. He had fewer restrictions on visitors of his choice than other patients. As you know, he wrote his prize poetry there. I saw him many times, indoors and outdoors, reclining while being visited by admirers, in a fashion I always thought of as "holding court."

I cannot recall what I wrote in Pound's hospital record. But I am a witness that at St. Elizabeth's Pound was treated as a criminal (by confinement in Howard Hall) only briefly, and rarely, if ever, as insane.

MORTON JOHAN, M.D.,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

WE ARE TOLD THAT "when Pound first saw Eliot's "Prufrock" he remarked with amazement, and perhaps a touch of resentment, that Eliot had "trained himself *and* modernized himself *on his own*." And, somewhat later in the Alvarez review, "hence [Pound's] immediate recognition of Joyce and Eliot long before anyone else saw their genius."

Such statements are inaccurate. Conrad Aiken, who celebrated his eighty-first birthday on Aug. 5, was not only aware of Eliot's status as literary artist, but even saw that "Prufrock" got to Pound to be published. And Aiken-Eliot poetic and critical similarities may yet indicate that Aiken's influence on Eliot was more than perfunctory. Certainly "Prufrock" would have found publication eventually, but Aiken's role in discovery and recognition of Eliot is not to be overlooked. The question is not that Mr. Alvarez is just inaccurate, but his inaccuracies are revelatory of the relative ignorance of scholars to Aiken's authentic role as an American man of letters. Fortunately, *SR* has done its part not to foster that ignorance. I cite Louis Untermeyer's feature article on Aiken Nov. 25, 1967, and John Hutchens's essay Dec. 20, 1969.

ROBERT EMERSON CARLILE,
Laurinburg, N.C.

ALVAREZ WORKS a pretty weird premise in defending his invasion of Pound's private (*i.e.*, nonpoetic) life. He says: "No doubt both Pound and Stock would say that all this is none of our damned business. And they would be right, *were it not that the emotional texture of the verse is also thin* [italics mine]." It is all right, then, to invade a man's privacy if the critic fails to perceive depth in the man's work? Further, the more ignorant the critic, the more right he has to invade? It follows, then, that if the critic is superbly ignorant, his victim has no rights at all?

JOHN IGO,
San Antonio, Tex.

DR. ALVAREZ did not mention that I had written the only biography authorized by Ezra Pound, *This Difficult Individual, Ezra Pound* (Fleet, 1961). In this book I quoted Dr. Alvarez as saying that he believed that Ezra Pound was the first really American poet, a statement he did not see fit to reiterate at the present time.

EUSTACE MULLINS,
Staunton, Va.

The Importance of Theology

I AM PUZZLED about what John W. Aldridge meant when he wrote that "a writer is committed by the requirements of his medium to a secular view of existence" [*SR*, June 27]. He elaborates his view, but I find it difficult to believe that he seriously means that there is an inherent and unavoidable incompatibility between a religious view of existence and creative writing. Does this mean that the Bible is not literature or that Milton was unaware of the demands of the medium?

In "Pigeon Feathers" John Updike dealt with the blind spot that lies behind Aldridge's criticism. I am inclined to agree with what I take to be the novelist's conclusion there: that what religion is about matters greatly, whether one accepts it or not. It is gospel if it's true, and a great fraud if it's untrue, but either way it's important.

FISHER HUMPHREYS,
New Orleans, La.

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A MATTER OF ACCOUNTABILITY: The True Story of the Pueblo Affair

by Trevor Armbrister

Coward-McCann, 408 pp., $7.95

BUCHER: My Story

by Lloyd M. Bucher with Mark Rascovich

Doubleday, 447 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Allen R. Dodd, Jr.

■ "At 176 feet 6 inches, she was shorter than some fleet tugs. . . . She was . . . a coastal freighter built in Wisconsin nearly twenty-five years before, and nothing about her suggested that she would soon become the most talked-about ship in the Navy."

Her name was *Pueblo*, and she was doomed—doomed by human failings in a sense that would have fascinated Conrad or Melville. In *A Matter of Accountability* Trevor Armbrister searches for the roots of this unhappy destiny and ends by indicting "the system" or, more specifically, the assumptions that guided the system before and after *Pueblo* and her crew were seized by the North Korean communists.

A Matter of Accountability is an extensively detailed volume in the now familiar "The day that . . ." style. Armbrister records everything recordable. He has even tracked down the elderly lady (Mrs. Emily Fish) who picked the ship's name. The only areas not minutely examined are the varied reactions to the *Pueblo* tragedy—editorials, TV commentaries, speeches, and the like. These are incidental to the search for an accounting; the author touches on them only briefly, and the reader must dredge most of them out of his own memory. This does not diminish the book, but it would be interesting, now that the facts are available, to match them against the judgments of 1968.

Still, there is plenty for the reader to chew, and some of it makes unpleasant chewing. One salient fact is that *Pueblo* was unsuited and ill-equipped for her mission. Her steering engine was balky, her internal communications system was outmoded, her two interpreters were unqualified, she couldn't be scuttled quickly, there were no destruction devices in her secret electronic gear, she was overloaded with classified documents, and there was no adequate means of destroying them. Contrary to the oldest and wisest of naval traditions, her captain, Commander Lloyd Bucher, was not even in complete control of his ship; the intelligence detachment aboard *Pueblo* was under independent command and reported separately to higher authority. Looming above all these shortcomings, and compounding all of them, was an official assessment that the ship's intelligence-gathering mission involved "minimum risk."

At this point, the word "system" takes on a rather specialized meaning; it does not describe people but procedures. In Armbrister's account, the threads of error do not lead back to bull-headed brass hats; they lead, in many instances, to intelligent, capable men. What emerges from their efforts, however, is not a decision but an estimate. In effect, a clear-cut "yes" and a clear-cut "no" are averaged out to an indecisive "maybe"—an average that reflects neither opinion. Thus one expert is asked not for his judgment, but for "five specific anticipated reaction criteria and five anticipated sensitivity criteria."

The *Pueblo*, for example, was presumed to be protected by the fact that she was cruising in international waters. Hence the American concept of law, not the Korean, was fed into the "system" and helped to dilute the estimate. Another intelligence ship, the *Banner*, had made sixteen trips without being seized. As any crap-shooter knows, it's the next pass that counts, not the previous sixteen, but *Banner*'s luck also became part of the percentages. And so on. There were plenty of responsible individuals, but there was no individual responsibility. Later a House subcommittee was to sum up this paradox in these words: "[The] vast and complex military structure [is] capable of acquiring almost infinite amounts of information [but is unable] to relay this information in a timely and comprehensible fashion to those charged with making decisions. . . ."

Commander Bucher's *My Story* parallels Armbrister's report in less clinical style, up to the capture of the *Pueblo*. After that, the two accounts diverge: *My Story* necessarily contains less detail about events in Washington and considerably more information about the crew's experiences in the hands of the North Koreans. Bucher's chronicle is often emotional; it could hardly be otherwise. Kicked, beaten, and degraded, these men stuck together, supported each other, and under torture produced mock "confessions" that could have cost their lives if their captors had possessed a better grasp of American idiom.

Summarizing his own views, Bucher asks if the so-called Military Code of Conduct, which governs the behavior of captured American servicemen, should not be revised to allow such "confessions." It is a pertinent question; if such documents were discounted as meaningless in advance, they might lose their value to the communists. (Bucher believes, incidentally, that the communists thought *Pueblo* was a South Korean ship and were forced to bluff their way through when they learned she wasn't.)

The Navy's Court of Inquiry claimed that Bucher had the power to resist capture; Bucher insists again in *My Story* that he did not. The reader can decide for himself whether two machine guns, mounted in exposed positions, constituted the power to resist 57-mm automatic cannon, torpedoes, and rocket-firing MIG aircraft. In this reader's mind, the fight-or-surrender issue should have been settled before the ship sailed. As it was, *Pueblo* was given two oceanographers, which established her role as a research vessel, and two guns, which compromised this role without strengthening her defenses. (Bucher was told to keep the guns covered, and to cast off the frozen tarpaulins would have required approximately twenty-five minutes.) Apparently this question also was "averaged" and the final policy determination tossed into the lap of the man who—wounded and under fire—happened to be on the spot when all the "criteria" suddenly became absolute reality.

The *Pueblo* affair is closed, but the questions it raised remain, and they make *My Story* and *A Matter of Accountability* important current reading.

A former foreign correspondent, Allen R. Dodd, Jr., is a magazine writer with an interest in marine history.

FRAZER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1411

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1411 will be found in the next issue.

G PRI RPWQ VRJ IR IDU GPUNGICVWU; G CF AROIGAGUK VQ GI.

—IDROPIRP JGWKUO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1410

A humorist is a man who feels bad but who feels good about it.

—Don Herold

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PLAY IT AS IT LAYS

by Joan Didion

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 214 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Nicholas A. Samstag

■ To read Joan Didion is to worry about her. There is in most of her work the terrible feeling that this latest pained and painful examination of whatever is on her mind right now is only the freshest installment in some epic suicide note to the world. The premonition of personal loss is apocalyptic.

In the preface to her collection of essays, *Slouching Towards Bethlehem*, she confided that "I was in fact as sick as I have ever been" while writing the classic title piece; that "the pain kept me awake at night and so for twenty and twenty-one hours a day I drank gin-and-hot-water to blunt the pain and took Dexedrine to blunt the gin and wrote the piece. . . ." She felt this way not because of any of the tidy professional torments, like deadline pressures, or the artsy self-pity that often afflicts an agonizing writer, but mostly because "it was also a troubled time, and working did to the trouble what gin did to the pain."

Later on there were more essays, in unlikely places like *Life* and the moribund *Saturday Evening Post*, essays describing such wretchedness in terms so personal there seemed no good excuse for reading them—not even that incredible elegiac style of hers, the very majesty of which seemed to mock the squalid intimacy of Miss Didion's disclosures. This, surely, was the end. She had nowhere else to go.

Here, in her second novel and first departure in almost a decade from the first-person reportage she does so excruciatingly well, are both disappointment and relief. Disappointment, because the novel is nothing like the gorgeous caterwauling tour de force that might have been expected; relief, a personal relief, because at the end she explicitly rejects suicide as an alternative—for her—to the miserable goings-on so sparely chronicled.

> One thing in my defense, not that it matters. . . .
> I know what "nothing" means, and keep on playing.
> Why, BZ would say.
> Why not, I say.

BZ, who does kill himself, is one of a gallery of grotesques, most of them involved in show business, who surround the heroine, actress Maria Wyeth, like so many heavy-breathing non sequiturs, applauding if not exactly driving her to a breakdown. The

—*Julian Wasser*

Joan Didion — "a compelling exercise in literary pathology."

scene is Miss Didion's Southern California, Pacific Coast, and Mojave Desert, with a few detours to places like New York City and Silver Wells, Nevada.

Maria gets a divorce; she worries compulsively about her small daughter, who seems to have been put away for undefined neurological-psychiatric reasons; she has an abortion and a few nasty affairs with some degenerates she knows, and, after BZ's rather complicated suicide, winds up sitting in her sanitarium with a few plans: get her daughter back, live somewhere alone with her, and do some canning. "Damson plums, apricot preserves. Sweet India relish and pickled peaches. Apple chutney. Summer squash succotash." This is not a bad way to define sanity. If she can keep off the gin-and-Dexedrine she might make it.

The hard-boiled narrative reflects, almost in spite of itself, the author's fascination with the freaky American landscape and its paranoid population. Familiarity with her autobiographical work makes it impossible to read this novel without recalling on almost every page the other memories, the real ones.

It doesn't seem important, finally, whether this is a good book or not. Those who care about Joan Didion will have to read it. For one thing, it is a compelling exercise in literary pathology; but, most of all, it is a matter of devotion. Maria would grant the legitimacy of both concerns, and so, I hope, will her creator.

Nicholas A. Samstag is an editorial writer for the Providence Journal.

NO FATHERLAND

by Hans Hellmut Kirst, translated from the German by J. Maxwell Brownjohn

Coward-McCann, 248 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by Harry Zohn

■ The prolific Hans Hellmut Kirst makes his annual appearance on the international book market with an untidy, open-ended whodunit with political pretensions, set in what the author views as the administrative, military, industrial, and moral jungle of the Federal Republic of Germany, specifically its capital, "*Bundesdorf*" Bonn. (Kirst reminds us that it is supposed to be "half as big but twice as dead as the central cemetery in Chicago.") As in last year's moralistic *Last Stop Camp 7*, Kirst attempts to enliven the scene by sprinkling a few Americans into a mixed bag of Germans. The author displays himself as neither more nor less of a literary lightweight than in his earlier offerings, but he is such a practiced puppeteer and master melodramatist that many readers will find themselves absorbed almost against their better judgment.

When an attractive girl in an extreme state of disarray is discovered outside an apartment, one expects to be treated to a Perry Mason "Case of the Black-and-Blue Blonde." Instead, the book turns out to be the case of Karl Wander. In return for being a chance Good Samaritan, this disgruntled army veteran and free-lance writer finds himself embroiled in a web of intrigue and power ploys.

It seems that he has been hired as a civilian liaison officer at the behest of an old flame, the double-dealing Baroness Sabine von Wassermann-Westen, to reform the German army and give it a new image as a sort of public relations consultant. (This gives Kirst, an old Wehrmacht man, a chance to get in some telling digs at the Bundeswehr.) Hamstrung by "that dominant German national trauma, the ineradicable respect for authority," Wander is well aware of his limitations: "I'm a typical German at heart. . . . That means I'm one of those who call a halt to revolution when the traffic lights turn red."

Wander gradually gets wise to the hugger-mugger in the army and the defense ministry, becomes more assertive, and moves, on grounds of morality, to immobilize his ostensible employers, Party Secretary Krug and Minister Feldmann, to whom he has been nothing but a "disposable handkerchief." Whereupon he is denounced, variously, as "a dirty, repulsive little

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snooper," "a bull in a china shop," "one of the coolest poker players I ever met," and "an irresponsibly apolitical creature whose private emotions always took priority."

The action is interspersed with a series of musings on motivation and morality entitled "interim report by the man known as Jerome," a luminary of U.S. foreign intelligence and the "Wise Monkey of Bonn," who alternately tries to light a fire under Wander and to restrain him. In the end, Wander realizes that Germany is "an agglomeration of concrete, glass, sheet metals, chemicals, and money... Europe's gilded asshole."

With the exception of Karl Wander, the novel is peopled with some of the most forgettable characters one has ever met: the Guinness-swilling chief detective Kohl; his successor, Christian Traugott; the prim and prissy Fräulein Wiebke, a real woman underneath her glasses, smock, and prison haircut; Mutter Jeschke, the bass-voiced barmaid, and the society doctor Klaus Barranski. The novel's great comic scene occurs when General Keilhacke, a man with all the subtlety and sensitivity of the pickax his name denotes, is caught by a camera in the clutches of an automatic car wash.

Once again Kirst has been well served by a breezy British translation, which reproduces such neatly turned phrases as "his green eyes resembled those of a cat with inside information about what happened to the canary." When the anti-hero calls on the defense commissioner, "it all reminded Wander irresistibly of a Hollywood film." One is tempted to use these words to describe Kirst's book.

Harry Zohn is chairman of the Department of Germanic and Slavic Languages at Brandeis University.

–John Paul Lowens

Tom McHale–"rococo extravagance."

PRINCIPATO

by Tom McHale

Viking, 311 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Paul K. Cuneo

■ Most of us have dreamed of inheriting something or other. Angelo Principato, protagonist of Tom McHale's first novel, is probably the only person who has inherited a Defiance.

Joseph Principato's Defiance, as the Italians and Irish in South Philadelphia who knew him could tell you, sprang into existence thirty-five years ago, when he stalked out of church one Sunday morning because the young priest in the pulpit humiliated two innocent children. Principato never entered a church again, though he telephoned a confession every Friday night to the same priest. Principato's sustained, intractable independence became known as the Defiance. He nurtured, cherished, and flaunted it, and shortly before his death he passed it on to his mild son, Angelo.

Angelo's efforts to live up to the Defiance, along with his marriage into a pietistic Irish family that had made its money in the undertaking business and numbered among its members a bishop and a Jesuit, are the main ingredients of this only partially successful but interesting novel.

Tom McHale has tried for a tragicomic story about some people whom he sometimes depicts with precision and clarity and sometimes with a rococo extravagance that is entertaining but does not blend with the realism of the other sections.

The old man's demise, a high point of the novel, is typical of the parts that don't work. By means a little too labored to be believable, the elder Principato's deathbed has been transported to the marble-columned salon of a *palazzo* belonging to a friend who admires the strength and stubbornness of the Defiance. The friend, De Marco, a wealthy contractor, turns the event into a bacchanalia, attended by throngs attracted by free food and drinks, and by forty-one priests, to whom De Marco has sent a form letter asking them to administer the last rites and hinting at the possibility of a bequest.

The bizarre quality of this scene contrasts sharply with the brief realistic episode in which Lucy, Angelo's sister, leaves the convent where she has spent thirteen years, and is met by Angelo and their mother in a drugstore.

Mr. McHale is too good a writer not to have intended the different effects he obtains in these passages, but I think it was a mistake to try to combine them. Only once, in a New Year's Eve scene, when a legendary bit of Auld Lang Syne tradition is revealed as a classic bit of commercialism, is the author successful in his blending, and that one success seems only to underline the failure of his other efforts.

If, however, Mr. McHale's first novel is less than a complete success, at least it holds promise for the future.

Paul K. Cuneo is an editor and freelance writer.

THE EMERGING NATIONS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION

by Richard B. Morris

Harper & Row, 238 pp., $6.95

THE NATURE OF REVOLUTION

by Carleton Beals

Crowell, 297 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Boyd C. Shafer

■ For almost two centuries the United States was regarded by its citizens and by others as a model nation, and for more than a century by some of its patriots as a nation "manifestly destined" to bring liberty and justice to the world. Because new nations are now rapidly emerging, because revolution is in the air, and because the United States was the first new revolutionary nation to emerge, studies of the relationship of its Revolution to others are relevant.

The Emerging Nations and the American Revolution, by Richard B. Morris, a distinguished historian at Columbia University, is a readable, scholarly essay focused on the influence of the United States on later emerging nations in Europe, Asia, and Africa. *The Nature of Revolution*, by Carleton Beals, a well-known liberal or radical journalist who many years ago revealed the evils of imperialism in Latin America, surveys eleven revolutions (two of them counterrevolutions), beginning with the American.

Morris argues that the American Revolution "has meaning and message for our own age, not only for the enduring political and constitutional changes that it effected but also because the profound transformation of American society that it sparked has touched the lives of all peoples everywhere." Beals, in a series of disconnected observations and pronouncements, seems to say that a second (or a third?) revolution in the United States is desirable and inevitable because the American system, departing from its revolution-

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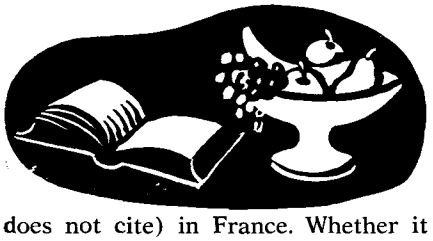
ary origins, has become unworkable, militaristic, and unjust.

In 1852 Louis Kossuth, a Hungarian patriot visiting the United States, predicted it was the American destiny "to become the cornerstone of liberty on earth," and he warned that the American republic would decline if it lost "consciousness of this destiny." Morris has the prophecy and the warning constantly in mind as he considers, with much evidence from diverse sources, the ideological impact of America's revolution and later development on the rest of the world.

Morris sees the American Revolution both as a "war of decolonization and a movement of broad social change and reform," with "enormous consequences for the world." In the words of Edmund Burke, it marked "the appearance of a *new state*, of a *new species*, in a *new part of the globe*."

The American Revolution, of course, was one of several in the age of democratic revolutions so ably depicted by Robert Palmer in the United States and Jacques Godechot (whom Morris



does not cite) in France. Whether it was more important than the French Revolution of 1789 in its impact on the next two centuries has been much debated, but that it sparked fires that later burned elsewhere cannot be denied.

These fires burned in 1830, 1848, 1870, and in 1917 variously in Germany, Italy, Russia, and throughout much of the Continent. Morris ably describes these conflagrations in his chapter "The Liberation of Europe." They were similarly ignited, as Morris tells us in two remarkably succinct (and too brief) chapters, throughout Latin America—in Argentina, Mexico, and Cuba. And, generally later, they spread throughout Asia and Africa—in the Arab nations, China, India, Israel, and Vietnam, and in Liberia, Senegal, and Nigeria (Morris is weakest on Africa).

Always there were American stimuli to revolution, but recently America, become powerful and affluent, has engaged in wars of "counter-insurgency." If, Morris believes, the United States is again to teach by example, it "must offer a more positive program, a more appealing war, one to be waged against illiteracy, disease, prejudice, and overpopulation."

To support his thesis Morris possibly overemphasizes the causal significance of the American Revolution. Out of thousands of ideas and incidents he can find many that appear to show causal relationships, but some of these are tenuous. The American Revolution was not as much a social revolution as were the later ones in Russia and China, though long ago J. Franklin Jameson wrote a major paper on its social aspects. Nevertheless, Morris's work, the best of the several recent studies, fulfills its author's purpose and deserves to be widely read.

The difference between Morris's and Beals's books may be illustrated by their treatments of Samuel Adams. Morris sees him, on the basis of recent scholarship, as an unstable demagogue with "trembling hands and a shaky voice." Beals, quite contrary to the evidence, calls him "the intellectual father of the Revolution, the source of most of its theory."

Beals apparently favors revolution *per se*, though he occasionally notes there are "no easy answers." In anecdotal fashion he writes about the American Revolution, the French Revolutions of 1789 and 1870, the revolutions in Latin America, the Russian October Revolution, the fascist revolutions in Italy and Spain, the Chinese Maoist revolution, the Mau Mau rebellion, and the contemporary Cuban revolution. Why he did not include the British revolutions of the seventeenth century and the revolutions of 1848 on the Continent he does not say.

The American Revolution, to Beals, was rebellion of the "good guys," the Sons of Liberty, against the "bad guys," the British and the Tories. He treats the other revolutions from the same viewpoint.

If Beals intended to produce a tract for the times, his work would have been more effective if it had contained more substantial information based on the best studies, and if it were more exact, indulged in fewer clichés, used more colorful rhetoric, and were shorter. In any case, he has not written a profound and rigorous analysis of revolution in the manner of Tocqueville, Marx, or Lenin, a sociological or historical "anatomy" like those by C. P. Edwards and Crane Brinton, or an incendiary plea for revolution such as were produced by Tom Paine and the Abbé Sieyès.

There is substance to Beals's conclusion that the power structure in the United States is "lacking in judgment and justice." But his book does not tell us much about the "nature of revolution."

Boyd C. Shafer, James Wallace Professor of History at Macalester College and a student of nationalism and revolution, is the author of "Nationalism: Myth and Reality" and other books.

Frost

Continued from page 23

country and the appearance of his first two books, Frost exploited his friendship with Louis Untermeyer in a manner that can only be described as shameless. He used Untermeyer to run critical interference for him, to reply to his detractors, and to prepare the ground for the right reading and most sympathetic reception of his poems. When friends ceased to be useful in this way, Frost was quite capable of cutting them out of his life. He was presumably able to do this in good conscience because his life was consecrated to his career, and his career was the first necessity of his life.

It is not Mr. Thompson's responsibility to pass moral judgment upon these dubious aspects of Frost's character, and he scrupulously avoids doing so. Yet they obviously have bearing, and important bearing, on Frost the poet, and presumably Mr. Thompson in his final volume will be obliged to take account of their significance in relation to the whole of Frost's artistic achievement. Nevertheless, the information he has made available thus far inevitably raises crucial questions, for Frost the man had powerful limitations that are by no means irrelevant to his limitations as a poet.

In addition to and perhaps because of his emotional problems, Frost was a political and psychological conservative and, to put it mildly, something of a prude. He had an abiding distrust of new ideas that deepened as he grew older and that unquestionably impeded his artistic development. As James M. Cox, one of his most sensitive critics, has said: "Unlike Eliot, who seemed to undergo evolution and reorganization with each new poem . . , Frost seemed to harden into a static figure. Though every one of his poems might be a new creation of himself, it was always the same self being created. . . ." Frost hardened, it would seem, partly because his experience was narrow to the point of being parochial, and both his fear of larger experience and his rabid anti-intellectualism prevented him from evolving a broadly generalizing point of view or the kind of coherent metaphysical structure for his perceptions that Yeats found in his cosmology of gyres and Eliot arrived at through his Anglo-Catholicism.

Again, perhaps because of his neurotic difficulties, Frost found too much and too easy comfort in the rural simplicities and eternal verities of life in New England. Although he appears not to have felt any more at home in the pastoral world than in the charged intellectual atmosphere of the

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modernist movement, he did make of the pastoral world a mythic as well as an important poetic province. But the difficulty was that that world became a panacea and a form of therapy, a retreat from anxieties he evidently found too great to bear. It was far safer to become fascinated with the elemental pathos and charming ironies of the New England scene than to face the terrors within himself and shape them into the dark ambiguities of major art. It was always easier to stop outside the woods that are "lovely, dark, and deep" than to enter them and find them haunted.

This reticence was a prime feature of his stance, just as it was characteristic of his poetry to operate so often through images of exclusion and separation, the figures of the fence and wall. Frost retreated into a world in which he found refuge from his personal demons. But that world was insufficiently complex to provide imagery adequate to his responses. Perhaps it was the old story of the American artist working against the poverty of his given materials and finally discovering comfort in that poverty just because it was the extreme antithesis of the nightmare experience of his own consciousness.

Besides, the pastoral life was so concrete and so very charming and so widely appealing to the public. It brought Frost such fame and so many honors. Thus, when he should have been broadening his perspective and extending his creative grasp, he was being adored for remaining narrow. When he should have been engaged dynamically in the making of new Robert Frosts, he was incessantly making and remaking the static myth of Robert Frost. When he should have been exploring his failures, he was exploiting his successes. The truth was that he wanted to succeed far more than he wanted to excel.

In the lines he wrote about his friend the Welsh poet Edward Thomas there is a moral which Frost probably could not have applied to himself. Perhaps it is just as well. For surely of the two roads that diverged in that famous yellow wood, he did not take the one less traveled by. If he had, that would indeed have made all the difference, because in his case it would have been the road leading back into the undergrowth of himself—not necessarily to fame but just possibly to greatness.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 f, j; 2g; 3h; 4i; 5c, 6b, 7e; 8a, d.

Grass and Snow

Continued from page 25

be anything but a cynical con? The answer is it couldn't, and isn't. The idea behind this book is that two oh yes totally sympathetic and honest interviewers (Thorp has also written three novels, among them *The Detective*), who want nothing more than to get at the truth behind the "masks" of America's young, decided to confront an apparently random selection of under-twenty-five's and let them rap about their condition into a tape recorder. "This book developed out of a two-year conversation between its authors," we are told in the introduction. "In that conversation, the difference in our ages was brought home to us repeatedly. One of us is thirty-three; the other, twenty-one. . . . They—the new citizens—have been breaking out everywhere. The future—their future—is terrifying. The question is: who are they? What is it that they really come out of? . . ." And so on.

Apparently Thorp and Blake managed to convince their subjects ("Sixteen High School Students," "Twelve College People," "A Married Couple," and "Two Veterans") that they were on some kind of mission, because the kids talk as if the business of getting their ideas into book form is a matter of awesome urgency—one can almost hear them thinking that this will be Youth's Unadulterated Message to the Straight World. It's unfortunate that the ideas are rarely interesting and scarcely ever original. Well, the book is loaded with stories and anecdotes, at any rate: there are a thief, a girl who's been raped, and plenty of cultural and political rebels (though a surprising number of conservatives). Step right up and see the runaway, the editor of the underground paper, the guy whose fraternity brothers balled his chick, and the amazing young musician! Hurry, hurry, hurry!

The most exasperating thing about *The Music of Their Laughter* is that after a while the kids, presumably sincere, begin to sound as cynical as the authors. Some are really quite clever, others grope for conversation; but throughout their voices have a pervasive tone of showing off, or feeling that they must, for that eternal tape recorder. Occasionally, moreover, there is a mawkish attempt, part of the "honesty" bit, at a sort of pseudo-rap-therapy that doesn't say much about youth but is mysteriously accounted for in the authors' running commentary as an element of the sacred mission of the book.

The Music of Their Laughter is attractively done—coffee-table sized, with that picture of a groovy youth on the jacket and plenty of white spaces in the text—and any gullible "oldster" (to borrow a label from Thorp and Blake) browsing in his neighborhood bookstore may very likely pick it up expecting to learn where, ahem, it's at. Well, everyone is making money off youth today; why not Thorp and Blake? One good reason why not is that few real conclusions emerge from this youth-portrait; the subjects are much too heterogeneous to agree on anything significant. One gets a rough idea that kids smoke dope, that they like to go see *2001: A Space Odyssey*, and that they tend to resent the Establishment.

Not surprisingly, while the kids in *The Music of Their Laughter* talk a great deal about drugs, they rarely mention a serious drug problem. When drugs of any kind reach the problem stage in whatever age group, however, we ought to realize that the cause is basically a people problem—taken in excess, drugs can easily become a substitute for living. It's no mere coincidence that the heaviest concentration of heroin addiction is among the poor minorities in our large cities, nor is it surprising that the hallways of our high schools have become such hubs for the drug culture when one considers what goes on in the classrooms. Obviously, the best answer to the drug problem—and the alcohol problem and the tranquilizer problem—of so many harried, unhappy Americans would be a renewed and vital society. Merely restraining the impulse to destroy oneself because life has no meaning is at best an ugly compromise.

Looking on the brighter side of the drug culture, R. A. Durr, a forty-five-year-old student of mysticism and Zen Buddhism, is a firm believer in the creative power of many drugs that are often publicized as merely destructive. *Poetic Vision and the Psychedelic Experience* is not the sort of book that even confirmed heads are likely to run out and buy—it's essentially an academic treatise—but it is a dense, rich, and fascinating study in which Durr, who is a teacher of English on leave from Syracuse University currently in distant parts of Alaska, examines in glittering detail the poetic vision as represented by a huge spectrum of writers, including Dante, Shakespeare, Blake, Wordsworth, Keats, Coleridge, Thoreau, Aldous Huxley, D. H. Lawrence, Henry Miller, Hermann Hesse, Alan Watts—you name it. The theme of the book is simply stated in the preface: "Through the psychedelics it is possible to experience the world as

Answer to Wit Twister, page 20: relived, reviled, deliver.

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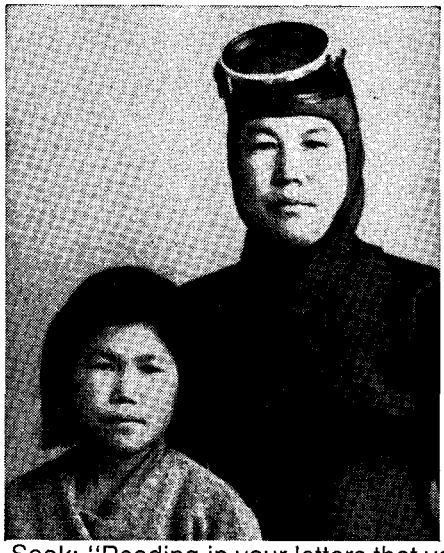
many of our great writers have experienced it. . . . The basis of all congruities between [poetic vision and the psychedelic experience] I find in that intensification, expansion, and freeing of mind which since the Romantic Revival has been generally represented by the word *imagination*. . . ."

Durr admits that he had not taken any psychedelic drugs prior to completing the first draft of this book, and carpers might say that he is simply unaware of the drugs' horrors (though carpers usually haven't partaken either). He does quote extensive first-hand descriptions of drug experiences, however, and while one might guess incorrectly that there are never any harmful effects, his text is a powerful reminder that the psychedelic drugs can induce remarkable vision.

Most of the basic ideas in *Poetic Vision and the Psychedelic Experience* are already known to the readers of any superficial magazine article about LSD, and each chapter deals with one more or less familiar aspect of the experience: the power of attention that magnifies what might have seemed petty details; the sense of timelessness; the loss of "ego"; the awareness of a cosmic unity, and the feelings of childlike joy. It's not so much what Durr says about the psychedelic experience that makes the book worth reading; it's the way he illustrates his themes and gives life to the parallel between drugs and poetry. A man of erudition and taste, Durr weaves together with great skill a network of poems and passages that amounts to something of a trip in itself. More than half the book consists of quotations—too many, perhaps, but what quotations! It is an accomplishment that Durr has merely brought them together, let alone added his own perceptive comments. Conveying a powerful sense of wonder to be revealed, the book will probably encourage many readers to try LSD or other hallucinogens for themselves.

As the drug culture, supported by books like Durr's, continues to grow, hysteria about the drug "problem" will likely increase proportionately. According to *Rolling Stone*, a leading chronicle of the rock music scene, President Nixon urged a recent audience of radio and TV executives "to undertake a 'subtle sell' to youth on the dangers of drug abuse. Drugs, he fears, could destroy the fabric and character of the American people." In context the item is heavy with irony. The industrialists and generals and Agnews are the ones to whom the fabric in question matters most. But more grass-smokers of America every day are constitutionally opposed to Nixon's reality—it's hard to care about saving face in Southeast Asia when you're high.

Thanks, from my mother.



When Kim Young Sook thanked her Foster Parents for her mother's wet suit, she thanked all Foster Parents for their understanding, their love and their help.

Young Sook's mother dove for sea greens and shellfish and sold them to earn the 39¢ a day that was the family's income. She could dive only in the summer, because in the winter it was too cold.

Her Foster Parents knew that their donation of $16 a month could help make up for the loss of income and provide the family with basic necessities. But they felt that their gift of a wet suit could help the family help themselves and so they sent a wet suit to Young Sook's mother.

Soon a letter arrived from Young Sook: "Reading in your letters that you are trying to send the rubber suit for my mother, I found it hard to refrain from tears. I don't know just how to thank you for your kindness." The wet suit proved so helpful to the family that Young Sook's Foster Parents sent another one to their Foster Child's older sister.

This is an example of Foster Parents Plan at its best; a reaching out to less fortunate people with a gift of love. Because Foster Parents Plan is more than food, clothing, medical care or schooling. It's a Foster Parent helping a child and his family toward self-sufficiency and a better way of life.

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Trio of Festivals

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

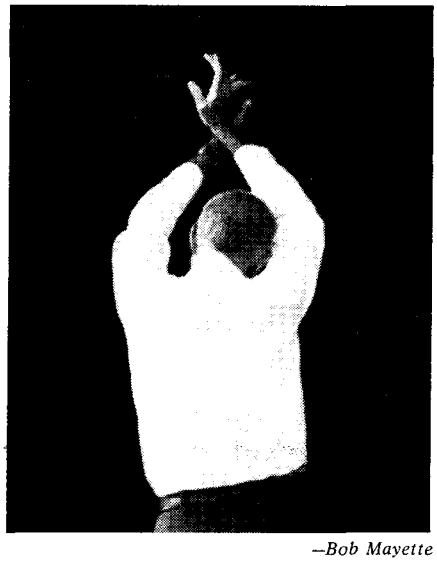
AN UNFINISHED ballet shown in an open rehearsal turned out to be more rewarding, more captivating, and, oddly enough, more "complete" than innumerable "finished" works presented in full production. A rare occasion? Agreed. But then, Jerome Robbins is a rare—very rare—artist in the world of dance. The event took place July 23 at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center, where the New York City Ballet was in summer residence during July. It was a surprise preview, for the scheduled premiere—a new work by George Balanchine—was postponed, and Robbins, rehearsing for some time on his choreographic setting to Bach's *Goldberg Variations*, offered the open rehearsal of the incomplete work (several variations have yet to be staged) to those anticipating a premiere.

A title, scenery, and costumes (the lighting is by Ronald Bates) will come later, but with the New York City Ballet dancers in peak form, the remarkable Gordon Boelzner at the harpsichord (he is the superb pianist for the Chopin used in Robbins's *Dances at a Gathering*), and with the white-bearded choreographer himself on stage (someone whispered, "He looks like St. Jerome"), total enchantment prevailed in this glorious theater.

The new ballet belongs to that genre which includes the latest Robbins masterpieces (all of them departures from his dance-drama style), the *Dances at a Gathering* and *In the Night* (both Chopin), for there is no story, no narrative line, and although each ballet has its special overall style, each dance is an entity with its own mood, color, characters, and, perhaps, hints of incident.

Like the two Chopin, the Bach represents a treasury of choreographic invention. There are delightful gestural formalities that suggest those preclassic dance forms which inspired Bach, but there are also electrifying virtuosities that are the fruits of contemporary ballet. Humor and romance are here also, but the key to *Goldberg Variations* (as it is to *Dances at a Gathering* and *In the Night*) is, simply, that it is *all dance*.

The ballet calls upon the talents of thirteen principals, five soloists, and a corps of twenty-three. In Part I, Gelsey Kirkland and Bruce Wells were impressive within the roster of principals, all



—Bob Mayette

Jerome Robbins directs his unseen dancers of the New York City Ballet in a rehearsal of his new ballet at Saratoga.

stunning dancers, and in Part II, a quartet of *danseurs*, Jean-Pierre Bonnefous (from France), Anthony Blum (U.S.A.), Peter Martins (Denmark), and Helgi Tomasson (Iceland), was brilliant in their passages, but so also was a trio of *danseuses*, Karin von Aroldingen, Allegra Kent, and Patricia McBride.

NEW LONDON, CONN.

THE Connecticut College American Dance Festival has presided over the premieres (many of which it commissioned with funds) of more than 100 dance works in its twenty-three years as a summer festival. This summer it presented more novelties, including avant-garde dance excursions into a sculpture court and another along a beach. The festival also focused upon three programs created by the mother of the avant-garde in America's modern dance, Martha Graham. Miss Graham began her career with the then-avant-garde Denishawn Dancers in 1916, and by 1923 she was on her own. No innovator in the modern field has caught up with her yet.

The program that I attended included *Cave of the Heart* (Samuel Barber), based on the Medea figure, in which Helen McGehee once again, dancing the role first created by Miss Graham, gave a terrifying portrait of the violent queen with the heart of a serpent; *Diversion of Angels* (Norman Dello Joio), one of the loveliest dances ever made, with Takako Asakawa giving a dazzling performance as the comet-like figure in red; and a revival of *Deaths and Entrances* (Hunter Johnson), 1943, a chillingly dramatic invasion of a house peopled with remembrances and nightmares, with images of jealousies, longings, passions, and even madnesses of the "doom eager" Brontë sisters.

In the Graham role in this major revival, Mary Hinkson was superb. The others in the cast were splendid, as were the performers in all of these quite matchless works of theater. The Graham company, composed of beautiful people and superlatively disciplined dancers ("acrobats of God," to use Miss Graham's own description of perfect dancers), is unequaled in the world of modern dance.

LEE, MASS.

FINALLY, further words about the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, headed by Ted Shawn and John Christian, now in its thirty-eighth year. I reported on the opening [WORLD OF DANCE, July 11] and simply would like to add that two prestigious ladies of the dance, one from ballet (Lupe Serrano) and one from modern (Pearl Lang, a product of the Graham school), performed later in the season in separate programs. Miss Lang, a radiant creature on stage, danced exquisitely with her company, with the jet-propelled Tony Catanzaro as her striking guest artist, in three works, all of them admirable (the Hebrew-inspired *Shirah* is one of her finest creations) but none up to the Graham level of accomplishment. Miss Serrano, handsomely partnered by Royes Fernandez, featured the rarely seen "Pas de Deux" from Petipa's *La Esmeralda* (Pugni), a great tour de force number, danced with spectacular bravura (and stylishness) by the star.

—Ron Protas

Mary Hinkson dances for the first time the Martha Graham role of one of the "doom eager" sisters in "Deaths and Entrances."

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TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Mondaleism

TELEVISION news recently exposed Senator Walter F. Mondale to national audiences in a big way, and, having discovered him, it would do well to put him on camera more frequently. He practices a vivid, new style of political communication, which I christen Mondaleism and which ought to replace the old style, called McLuhanism. The latter, as all political disciples of the Canadian prophet now know, adjusts one's rhetorical image to the medium employed.

If you use radio, get hot; if television, stay cool. Heat and cold in TV politics are mutually exclusive: The life of one is the death of the other. If you're hot on television (like the Nixon of 1960 and 1964) you repel; if you're cool, you involve. The thermal difference between the old and the new Nixon on TV, according to his McLuhanized brain trust that fashioned his 1968 campaign image, meant the difference between success and failure.

Since then all politicians have obeyed McLuhan's First Law of Politics, and the result has been civic entropy. This concept, borrowed from the Second Law of Thermodynamics, suggests that effective energy depends on transacting states of being: As long as hot and cold interact, there is life; when the contraries are neutralized, there is rundown, nothing, frozen assets.

Senator Mondale illustrated how much useful, civic energy can be radiated by being hot and cold at the appropriate moments. First, *CBS Evening News* showed him pounding the table during a Senate subcommittee hearing, while he heatedly told the chairman of the Florida Citrus Growers that employers of migrant workers are mangling and destroying the lives of underpaid and undereducated workers.

The witness had indicted NBC News for smearing all migrant workers as "bums" in that network's recent documentary on migrant labor, *Migrant—An NBC White Paper*. Senator Mondale slammed the polished Senate table in moral indignation and told the witness that it was a migrant worker boy on the program who had described himself despairingly as a "bum," because of the rootless, hopeless conditions of his youth. The Senator's action was intensely human, a reflex of the years of dedicated commitment he has made to the improvement of the plight of the migrant laborers (years, oddly enough, during which no TV cameras were present, until NBC made the hearings news with its own program). The heat was truly on, and it was quite a welcome shock to see a politician acting like a man and not a politician.

The cool part of the Senator's energetic behavior pattern came a few days after the hearing, when CBS invited him to be the guest of its weekend program *Face the Nation*. There were no explosions as he talked about the state of the powerless poor in America: the blacks, the Indians, the people of Appalachia, the Mexican-Americans. But there was controlled conviction as he warned of the dangers inherent in the South's resistance to desegregation of the schools, and as he expressed shock at the continued apathy of the American people over the wretched conditions of the subgroups in our nation who have no one to speak up for them in the councils of power. "I can't live with what I've seen," said the Senator, "and I feel it is my duty to do all that I can to get the nation to shift policies." The assertions were dispassionately made, or, so it appeared, superficially, but the heat in them was apparent. Politicians do not usually make such personal statements on television programs.

Senator Mondale, questioned about the resistance of blue-collar workers to the demands of black citizens, declared his faith in the former. They helped to elect him in industrial Minneapolis. They are decent citizens, the Senator said. But his expressions of shock at the "apathy" of the electorate to injustice to minority groups stood in contradiction to his faith. He was hot and cold, here as well, but that is also a good thing. A politician who is all hot or all cool suggests a computerized mind busily clicking as it manipulates. Senator Mondale transacts within himself as he does with his fellow citizens. He may blow hot or cold, but he blows an honest breath. As long as there is an energy gap between American ideals and American practices, there is a need for politicians who are two and one at the same time. Television, take note of Mondaleism.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

Kangaroos, Koalas, and Me

THERE IS A BLANK SPACE in the notebook I compiled on a swing through New Zealand and Australia last month, and the ten or twelve empty lines speak to me, even several weeks later, of a misspent and miscalculated Saturday night in Melbourne. All that really happened between an early evening flight from Christchurch to Melbourne and a cruel awakening on Sunday morning was that I drank too much of the notorious Australian beer. I'm not sure I recovered until my third day on the beach in Honolulu a week later.

Beer drinkers down under—and that goes for New Zealanders, too—take the sport more seriously, perhaps, than do German *Braukeller* stalwarts. For one thing, the Australian swilling hours, although extended past six o'clock in recent history, compel a man to top off by 10 unless he can convince the hotel in which he is staying to keep pouring. Australian pubs remain very much masculine domains, although women are slowly making inroads on a society long ruled by some of the world's staunchest male chauvinists.

In the many-mirrored saloon to which I repaired after checking into the Southern Cross Hotel, all but a few of the customers were men, but the bartenders were young women in full-length, red-and-white checkered frocks. Come to think of it, though, the low-cut, pushed-up necklines gave them about as much dignity as Playboy bunnies. Somewhat weary of male company, of comparing American and Australian football, and of hearing a New Zealand mate denounce women as inept journalists, I stole away from the group and spent the balance of my drinking time talking to one of the women in checks, while she pulled incessantly on a rubber beer hose and tried to persuade a dozing customer to toddle on. At least one of my companions, also a New Zealander, couldn't understand how a man could waste his time "chatting up a bird" who was pledged to return home directly after work to her husband and infant child. I said I liked the way she talked. He looked even more befuddled.

I must have retired before 11, but Sunday morning sneaked up from behind with a sledge hammer. Somehow by noon I was wandering through a chill drizzle looking for kangaroos, wallabies, koala bears, and others of Australia's offbeat animal kingdom at the Sir Colin Mackenzie Wildlife Sanctuary, forty miles east of Melbourne. I don't know where I've been all these years, but the delight—even on film or in a zoo—of watching a kangaroo in motion, bounding crazily beneath the gum trees, had managed to elude me. At the Mackenzie refuge, one can open the gate, walk right up to a 'roo, and get acquainted.

Some of the other tenants tend to lead more private, secluded lives. The duck-billed platypus is on view only from 2 to 4:30 each day, as are the lyrebirds, who won't even show themselves at all now that mating season is here. I approached their wire enclosure with a zany Welshman who began to bang on the gate and shout his displeasure ("Even the animals are organized! I demand to see the shop steward!"), until a young woman engulfed in red rainwear and carrying a beach umbrella appeared on the other side of the fence.

"Please be quiet," she begged. "We are trying to record the lyrebird's mating call. My colleague and I have been under this umbrella beneath a tree all morning and we haven't heard a peep. They are very shy birds. The least bit of noise or attention can upset their mating cycle. We have two lyrebirds in here, and in three years they've produced only one offspring, and that one was killed by a turkey." With that she turned and disappeared into the dripping foliage to take up the vigil. The Welshman and I moved on, content to sight a koala bear clinging to a tree trunk like a lifeless fur puff and a wombat waiting out the rain in a wood hut.

Monday the sun shone, and I set out by foot into Melbourne, a city that every Australian (and every visitor for that matter) considers a sorry second to Sydney, the down under answer to San Francisco. Melbourne folk are quick to apologize for their city. They talk as though living in Sydney would be a little too close to heaven. "Something comes over me the moment I cross the Harbour Bridge into Sydney," a young Melbourne woman sighed longingly. She and more than a million others nonetheless make their homes in Melbourne, an airy, urban sprawl of more than 700 square miles. Part of the attraction is its standing as Australia's financial center and headquarters for some of the nation's bigger business firms. In fact, when you get down to it, Melbourne has much to recommend itself. Its numerous couturiers have stamped it the fashion capital of Australia, their shops and boutiques crowding the Toorak section, turning out all manner of midis this wintry season (but more on that history-making event later). Melbourne will concede nothing to Sydney in the vaults of culture, although *Hair* is making it big in Sydney. The Victorian Arts Centre, just across the Yarra River from downtown Melbourne, will claim a large corner of Australia's music, art, and theater scene when the massive complex is completed later this decade.

Already the Centre's National Gallery hulks like an updated medieval castle, separated from the sidewalk by a wide moat. I arrived in its shadow that Monday morning to find a working man in hip boots wading through

—Australian News & Information Bureau

—Australian Tourist Commission

Mackenzie Sanctuary harbors kangaroos, koalas, and other Australian residents.

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the thigh-high water and pushing a large shovel. He said, when I asked after his welfare, that he was scraping the bottom for stray coins tossed into the moat by passing wishmakers. "On the weekends," he explained, "the kids go in after the coins. They could get a cramp and drown. So I have to pick them all up. Bloody hard work it is, too. On top of that, people think I'm pocketing all the coins myself."

The museum houses Australia's largest and most comprehensive collection, including Tiepolos, Titians, Rembrandts, Gainsboroughs, and a swath of French Impressionists. Probably the building's most trafficked room, at least by the young, is the Great Hall, topped by a dazzling glass mosaic roof. As I entered, a group of high school students were lounging on the golden carpet, giggling and gazing up at the multicolored ceiling. A class of younger students in blue jerseys were gathered about a pretty blonde guide, and while she described the artistic qualities of the hall and the ceiling, most of them lay on their backs and beheld the outsize kaleidoscope.

Outside, the coin collector had graduated to a more sophisticated device, a sort of wire mesh vacuum cleaner, and he seemed to be making better progress through the watery depths. Across the road in a rambling park called the Domain, winter was in bloom with ample palm trees and well-sculpted flower gardens. On a slope just above an equestrian statue of Edward VII stands a stone likeness of Queen Victoria, "Erected by the people of Victoria in honor of her most gracious majesty: She wrought her people lasting good." Looking straight up from the base, one peers directly into the Queen's nostrils. It seems apt that of all the Australian states, Victoria still clings closest to a Victorian way of life. Censorship, for example, of film, theater, and literature is stricter in Victoria. *Hair* will never get to Melbourne. On a federal level, though, pressure groups are slowly hacking away at the hoary censorship legislation. Henry Miller is still banned, and *Portnoy's Complaint* hasn't a prayer. "I brought *Tropic of Capricorn* into the country with me," my writer-friend told me, "and the customs official, who hadn't memorized the list, merely asked me if it was a good book. I said, 'Oh, yes,' and then he found something called *Uses and Abuses of English.* 'ABUSES!' He ripped it out of my case and showed it to his boss. They talked it over for a while, and I finally got it back." Certain more risqué issues of *Playboy* have been banned, too—an act hard to reconcile with the tons of flesh appearing daily in Australia's newspapers.

Walking back toward the center of town, I recrossed the Yarra River. But for the palms at water's edge, it might have been the Charles. The road flanking the opposite side of the Yarra is called Batman Avenue, a tribute not to Robin's friend but to John Batman, who, along with John Pasco Fawkner, settled the city in 1835. Up the road, Melbourne's City Hall was aswarm with womanhood. I looked in to find the annual Lord Mayor's Hospitals and Children's Fund rummage sale well under way in an auditorium normally used for concerts, plays, and other public events. Housewives, young mothers, and women who looked like fishmongers were flipping through racks and racks of dresses priced as low as 50 cents, and crowding around bins of magazines, books, shoes, and purses.

Feeling about as acclimated as a kangaroo on Times Square, I sought the counseling of a rather stylish young woman who was scribbling in a notebook like mine. Her name was Jocelyn Howard, and she was on assignment for *Women's Day*, an Australian weekly. An auction had begun on stage, and women in the audience were bidding for dresses trotted out on models tending to matronliness, the creations starting as low as $1. I questioned the stylishness of some of this finery, prompting a polite rebuke from Miss Howard. She said that a dress from Magg, a boutique in Toorak operated by the widow of the late Prime Minister Harold Holt, had just gone for $3 but might have fetched $100 on the rack. Just then a chick (sorry, she wasn't a woman) swept into the hall beneath a pile of glazed blond hair. Below that she wore huge round sunglasses, monogrammed wool beige jacket with midi-length culottes, and white boots. Miss Howard and her photographer, descending on the creature as though trying to net a rare butterfly, learned that she was about to model her own Toorak creations.

Hers wasn't the first midi I'd seen in Melbourne. Certainly the mini is still more popular down under—in fact, they may be the world's shortest—but Miss Howard confirmed my suspicion that the midi, catching on early in wintry Australia, is a harbinger of Northern Hemisphere styles. "I don't like freezing in the winter," she said, "and I think midis are much more feminine. They give the men something to think about. Any girl who takes an interest in fashion, except the cheap little typists—well, that's rude, I suppose—but anyway the people in my circles are all wearing the midi. It's taking over."

Her photographer, a long-haired young man, looked gravely wounded. Another win for the women.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Hollis Alpert

The Madwoman of Central Park West

THE TITLE *Diary of a Mad Housewife* may be slightly misleading. The housewife of this Frank Perry film (the best of the six he has made) is by no means psychotic; she is not even angry in the fighting mad sense. She, in fact, appears to be a setup for conversion to women's lib, and one suspects that, after the film ends, she will surely run into, one day soon, a militant recruiter. But such is the bite of the film, its astonishing reality, that one wonders and worries about Tina Balzer, housewife and mother in Manhattan, long after she has faded from the screen.

To be sure, the tart script written by Eleanor Perry from Sue Kaufman's novel tends to be firmly on Tina's side. But this in itself is a relief from the traditional way women have been treated in American movies. They have been portrayed as bitches, soulless monsters leading men to some awful doom, madcap birdbrains, slatternly drudges, glamorous vacuums with nipples, seductive playmates—anything but people. What is so simply remarkable about Tina, as played by a believable new actress, Carrie Snodgrass, is that she is a real woman. When she wakes up one morning with some ill-defined sense of outrage—at her role, at the patterns her married life has taken—you can't help but follow her with absorbed attention through a series of not very astonishing adventures. Tina could be a lot of people, and what happens to her could happen and has happened to others.

For one thing, there is her slow disenchantment with her husband, the rising lawyer, who was once a political idealist, but now (with the Kennedys all but gone) concentrates on achieving social status, which, for him, means being accepted by the In people, collecting new young painters and well-bred wines, and inflating himself with the notion that, in addition to being a Harvard Law School type, he is "creative." In the Beresford-Dakota milieu, this means he may try to produce a film. He gives much too lavish parties for people he hardly knows, and even gets that fancy omelette-maker who brings his own pans to apartments on Park Avenue and Central Park West. He is a complainer, and takes for granted that his wife will naturally want to assist him in achieving his snobbish aims. She must also be willing to serve his sexual needs on cue, the cue being his standard mating approach: "Hey, how about a little roll in the hay, huh?" One can understand how even a more compliant woman than Tina could be turned off by that.

So, she takes a lover. And here, too, the Perrys continue to blister the current scene. He's a talented, good-looking guy, who has written his well-received books and has sold lots of copies and, with practiced eye and manner, cases the available quail at gallery openings and other chic inner-circle events. Tina, unwillingly dragged along to an opening by her status-seeking husband, catches his fancy. She becomes a reluctantly willing victim, still caught in her passivity, and, after trying out sex for sex's sake, finds it wanting and her writer-lover as much an insecure little boy as is her husband. Adultery for both partners to a marriage is less a problem than part of the dilemma caused when intelligent people attempt to conform to the rituals of marriage rather than the realities.

Diary of a Mad Housewife cuts deep and most of the time true; its canny capture of sophisticated city detail gives it historical relevance as well. It is an important film, and not the least because of the striking movie debut made by Frank Langella as Tina's lover, a man hard on the surface and all marshmallow inside. Miss Snodgrass is a find. She manages to make plainness sexy, sheer womanliness an aphrodisiac. I suspect she'll bring small breasts back into style. I did, however, find Richard Benjamin's performance in the role of the husband, although admirable, a little too caricatured, as though he preferred to define from without rather than from within, thus causing a certain imbalance in acting mood and style. Moments in the writing are perhaps too obviously bitchy, but these are distinctly minor complaints, for the film, overall, is something fresh and new, a bold, uncompromising look at the feelings and facts of marriage among the comfortable.

If Frank Perry errs occasionally on the side of explicitness, Stuart Rosenberg, who directed *Move*, appears totally unconcerned about whether we are to regard his story as real or fantasy, whether it is some cockeyed imitation of life he is presenting, or merely someone's crazy dream. I am frankly tired to tears of absurdity, black humor, and all other illegitimate excuses for imaginative failure. The approach is presumed fashionable, of course. But this transliteration of Joel Lieber's novel (derived, one feels, from excessive concentration on Kafka) never manages to make sense out of its nonsense—which *good* nonsense always does. The setting of *Move*, curiously enough, is just around the corner from where the mad housewife dwells, but it's not the same world, and there are few points of reference in it to help us along the way. Elliott Gould, awaiting his furniture mover, is bemused throughout; Paula Prentiss, as his wife, is in some realm of her own, and only Genevieve Waite, as a hypersexed, incredibly skinny little model, provides us with a few moments of impish delight. Naturally, we never do find out whether or not she is a figment of Gould's perfervid imagination.

"It's his fault, Officer. I was reading his bumper."

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Continued from page 17

Reuss's office released a report to the press. The headline read: SECRET BOEING STUDY PREDICTS SST WILL INCREASE POLLUTANTS IN STRATOSPHERE. The text of the report implied that Boeing had discovered that water vapor in the upper atmosphere will be doubled and the protective ozone layer thinned by 10 to 30 per cent in areas where the SSTs travel; alongside these projections it juxtaposed Dr. Gordon MacDonald's claim that "if all ozone were stripped from the atmosphere, this would effectively wipe out all life." Oddly, in the press release, as in the report sent to Reuss by his informant, the temperature was going the wrong way to produce the effect that was claimed.

The Economics

Beyond all the threats to environment are the further twin deterrents of national priorities and economic doubt. Should the monies that the government is investing in the SST program (and that, according to its contract with Boeing, it hopes to redeem as planes are sold to airlines) be put in medicine, education, and environmental control? Richard Ottinger, the New York Representative who is running for the U.S. Senate, has called the "funding bill for fiscal 1970 a gross distortion of our national priorities." Representative Reuss thinks Boeing ought to be making a mass transit vehicle and GE a pollution-free engine for it instead of making the SST, which he has called "an environment-despoiling superplane for the jet set."

"Instead of building pyramids, they ought to be doing something that benefits large numbers of people," Reuss says. "Putting $290-million into the SST and one-third of that into fighting air pollution—that's not a good allocation of priorities. This administration is unusually ga-ga about subsidizing business and banking, but it's very niggardly about appropriating funds for education, which it vetoes, or hospitals, which it vetoes, or the environment, which it underfunds. I think this is part of the administration syndrome of siphoning off as much as possible of the taxpayers' money and shoveling it out to their pals in the banks or large defense plants. I think it would be good elementary morality to stop all these Teapot Domes that have been going on for the last five or six years. The SST doesn't have real scientific or human aspirations to it. It is wicked and obscene to defend as job-creating anything under the sun. It's undignified to ask human beings to work at something that is useless. Even the Treasury Department itself—until it got suppressed—said there would be a negative balance of payments from the SST. That is, more Americans would be encouraged to go to Europe, and that would take the advantage out of what we got for selling the plane to foreign airlines."

Far from being muzzled, the Treasury Department in a letter from Paul Volcher, Undersecretary for Monetary Affairs, to Senator William Proxmire, stated on May 1:

> On the balance of payments aspects of this question [the SST], we have no reason to alter our view that the potentially adverse impact on our travel account from the development of a U.S. SST could equal or outweigh the positive impact on the aircraft sales account. . . . If one were fairly sure that a foreign SST would become a viable commercial proposition within the foreseeable future, then the balance of payments arguments against proceeding with a U.S. SST would lose force.

Four days later Rocco Siciliano, the Undersecretary of the Department of Commerce, wrote to Proxmire:

> We continue to believe that only the effect of sales of aircraft and equipment can be taken into account in any meaningful way in evaluating the impact of the U.S. SST program on the balance of payments.

Siciliano noted that the travel deficit has long endured and that the era of the wide-bodied airplanes (747s, L-10-11s, DC-10s) as well as the introduction of the Concorde in 1973 would already have increased international travel growth by the time an American SST would appear. But more international travel, he argued, increased the need for additional travel within foreign countries, thus requiring more short-range aircraft "predominantly of American manufacture." Most importantly, perhaps, Siciliano noted that further delay in a U.S. commitment to the SST would encourage substantial orders for the Concorde and "provide greater incentive to develop a second-generation Concorde, which would be more competitive with the U.S. SST."

There is reason to believe that during the Congressional hearings on the funding for the U.S. SST some efforts were made to leave an impression with the American side—deliberately erroneous—that the Concorde was in trouble. By use of this propaganda ploy, it was hoped to gain for the Concorde even more lead time over the U.S. entry.

Information available to the State Department by the end of the first week of May indicates the Concorde is proceeding so well that the construction of twelve aircraft has been ordered, including six production models, two prototypes, two pre-production models, one model for static testing, and one for thermal testing.

The Concorde has still to test—as it will this summer—its performances at Mach 2, or roughly 1,400 miles an hour, for payload, fuel, maintenance, and, of course, noise and boom, especially to meet restraints that might be placed on it in the United States or other foreign countries. Asked in Congressional hearings at Washington whether the United States and Britain couldn't jointly ban supersonic aircraft on the basis of noise alone, Mary Goldring of the London *Economist* thought not. "Britain is not a very noise-sensitive country," she said. "And we would not have a great deal of sympathy with what we thought was a deliberate American move to try and keep the Concorde out." Nor could she see at the present stage how Britain and France "could gracefully fade out." She expressed doubts whether the United States can offer a "spectacularly better supersonic aircraft than we can, in which case our reaction will be that we are simply giving away the market to big bad Boeing again."

There seems little chance of that. The State Department information further states that consideration is being given to a second-generation Concorde, which would compete in size with the American plane. It would cost half a billion, a financial consideration that might force an invitation to Germany to join a consortium to build Concorde II.

"The trouble with our opponents," says Senator Henry Jackson, who, with his fellow Washingtonian Senator Magnuson, is leading the floor fight for the SST in the Senate, "is that they only talk about an American SST, which is not even yet flying. Let us address ourselves to an international SST. It is a fact of life that the SST is here. The question is whether America is going to participate in this technology."

While Senator Jackson is faulted because he represents the state of Washington, home of the Boeing Company, he is one of the leading environmental-

The Times Votes Nay

"Against the SST in the beginning and against it now is the threat of unbearable noise, both from the sonic boom in flight and the deafening sound at take-off. The sum earmarked in the transportation budget for this needless and noisy monster is almost $300-million. Mass transit is down for an additional $80-million, which it may not even get. An administration that cannot order its priorities better than that should have no complaint if Congress offers to help."

—THE NEW YORK TIMES.

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ists in the Congress, having been chairman of the Interior Committee of the Senate since 1963. He worked for four years on the National Environmental Policy Act, which passed the Senate a year ago and was signed by President Nixon on January 1 of this year.

Under the act, there is specific authority delegated to the President to enter into negotiations with other countries to deal with environmental problems that transcend national barriers. "I have strongly urged the White House to act under the authority of my bill to bring together the British and the French and the Russians so we can undertake an honest analysis of this problem," Jackson says.

"The whole fight over environment in the Seventies, forgetting for a moment the SST, will revolve around this question of trying to provide a balance in our society between our social and economic goals and objectives and quality life, a good environment." As one who has labored for environment since the early Sixties, the Senator decries what he calls "these people who discovered the environment a few months ago, these instant environmentalists." They worry about the poor among us, he says, while forgetting that to aid the poor we have to allow for economic growth.

"Any economic growth has an impact on the environment," says Jackson. "The question is how much of an impact and what can you do to lessen the impact. You can't talk about twenty-six million new homes by 1978, which is a minimal goal, without talking about how many trees you are going to cut. This, too, has an impact on the environment. People in the Congress, in the White House, and in the State Houses will be trying to reconcile this conflict between proper social and economic goals and a good environment. It is simple to say we'll just shut down this operation and we'll solve it. It's much more difficult to be given the charter to go ahead and say we want to fulfill the proper national goals—and do it under a mandate that it provide for quality life at the same time."

Echoing Jackson's Senatorial statement is Paul Charrington, James J. Hill Professor of Transportation at Harvard Business School, who has been observing the SST since 1958. "Clearly," says Charrington, "this is a research and development project at this juncture. The two regimes that offer real promise are supersonics and some kind of V-STOL [vertical short takeoff and landing, i.e., helicopters]. We have probably put more in V-STOL in dribs and drabs than we have put into the SST. If we abandon the project and give the market to the Concorde and the Russians, we would damage our balance of payments by somewhere in the range of twenty-five to forty-five billion dollars over a fifteen-year period, so this would put us further under water than we are now. The fact that we go forward is no guarantee we are going to bring this home, but we surer than hell aren't going to bring it home if we haven't got an airplane. If there were an assurance that the dough would be returned, then I would not be in favor of the government's being in it, because then it would be merely a bankroll proposition; just find a friendly banker—big as the number is—to put up the dough. So, I look at it as an R-and-D project, and maybe the first of a series of advanced technology projects where there are a lot of chips and the government goes so far and then gets out."

While the Concorde might very well prove to be potent competition, there are those in aviation circles who say the Russians have never built a plane that makes any sense in a Western free enterprise market. Secor Browne, head of the Civil Aeronautics Board, who taught air transportation at MIT and who negotiated the delicate Soviet and American agreements that established regular flights between New York and Moscow, thinks the Russians are capable of developing a machine that could be sold on the world market. They could also hold out the bonus of a favorable route across the vast expanse of the Soviet Union. "If you are Japan Air Lines and you are offered a Concorde and a TU-144 and if the Russians can sweeten the arrangement by awarding favorable routes, what are you going to do? Then Mr. Halaby [president of Pan American] looks out the window while a TU-144 streaks past his 747, and he doesn't have much choice either."

Browne finds the Russians highly pragmatic, possessed of an infinite power to allocate men and resources. Skill is the one element they know is in short supply. "To the Russians, the SST is primarily an internal machine. It's a long, crummy ride from Moscow to Vladivostok or Novosibirsk, and if you can get your skilled people there in a half or a third of the time, you get more out of them. To move people who have the skills faster and get more productivity out of them—that's why they are interested."

Fear to Feed On

"It may be that Americans need never fear that a supersonic transport will jar their domestic tranquility. But those who may be anxious about the prospect don't lack fuel for their neurosis to feed on."

—The Wall Street Journal.

The capability of moving skilled people around the world faster is a far different theory than calling the SST a fast plane for the jet set. Instead of seven hours to Europe it will fly in two-and-a-half, instead of fourteen hours to Asia, it will be five. These are the advantages to man. The continuity of an aircraft industry that provided $30-billion to the economy is among the advantages to the nation. Somehow along the way, the building of an SST became, in the minds of its detractors, a product of the military-industrial complex, the bogeyman of the Seventies. As Senator Jackson has said, "If the Ford Foundation were building this plane, I don't think there would be this opposition." Nor, had it surfaced in some other season, would the possible environmental dangers have provided such a fat target. Those who ask now whether we need the SST might well have asked similar questions at the onset of the steam-powered locomotive, of the electric trolley car, of the horseless carriage, and of the airplane itself. No nation that has placed a man on the moon needs to worry about national pride, and surely the American SST must not be built for reasons of national honor. But national economics is a vital issue, and employment is a vital issue, especially if we are to improve the lot of twenty-six million citizens who exist below the poverty level. If we are capable of producing a functional technology that will not despoil the planet, then the SST should be considered with favor.

It might be well to recall the Red Flag Act, a piece of British legislation passed in 1865 that required all steam carriages to carry a crew of three, one of whom was to walk not less than sixty yards in front of the vehicle and carry a red flag. The act, which diminished speeds of steam-powered cars to two miles an hour in cities and four miles an hour in the country, was not repealed for thirty years. By that time, road travel had been effectively muffled in Britain.

Given today's concern for the environment and the authority which the President holds in the National Environment Policy Act, the time to seek international and reciprocal research and development is now. Whether we build one or not, the age of supersonic transport has arrived. Discovering its environmental offenses and working cooperatively with other governments to correct and control them will protect us from these environmental indignities similarly inflicted by the automobile, which are only now becoming apparent. Stifling the SST with a Red Flag Act of 1970 is not going to make supersonic travel go away.

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EDUCATION IN AMERICA

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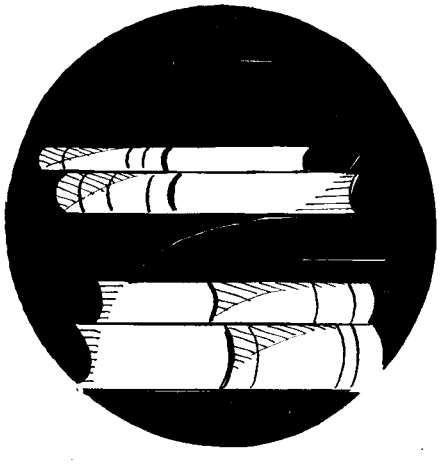

Profit and Loss in Education

Last September, the twin cities of Texarkana on the Texas-Arkansas border startled the education world by announcing that they had contracted with a private business firm, Dorsett Educational Systems, of Norman, Oklahoma, to take over part of the education enterprise in the school district. Dorsett claimed to be able to raise the reading and mathematics achievement of potential secondary school dropouts by one grade level in eight weeks. The experimental program was funded by the U.S. Office of Education for five years, and payment to Dorsett was conditional on the degree of success the company enjoyed in raising student achievement levels.

Last month, as the Texarkana project was completing its first year, the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO) announced a more extensive experimental program aimed at solving the learning problems of the disadvantaged through similar "performance contracting" [see p. 54]. The OEO has contracted with six private firms to work with 27,000 students in eighteen school districts across the country. As in the Texarkana experiment, payment to the education firms will be contingent upon their success in improving student academic skills.

A few days after the OEO story was released, the city of Gary, Indiana, announced that it had signed a four-year contract with the Behavioral Research Laboratories, of Palo Alto, California, a private educational service company, to operate and run one of its elementary schools on a "money back, guaranteed performance basis." The company has contracted to organize and staff the Banneker elementary school, provide all materials, develop nongraded individualized learning programs, train and develop the staff, and work with the community to involve parents in the affairs of the school. Payment to the company will be at the current per pupil expenditure rate in the school district, and at the end of three years the firm will refund the fee paid for any child who has not achieved at or above national norms.

Clearly, the continuing failure of the schools to deal adequately with the learning problems of the nation's poor provides a powerful stimulus for experiment and innovation. Dr. Alfonso D. Holliday II, Gary school board president, said, "The basic educational reason for this contract is the gross underachievement of our children." And the resourcefulness of American business in solving complex problems offers an enticing model for schools in trouble.

It is ironic, as well as unfortunate, that word of "contamination" of evaluation results of the first year of the Texarkana experiment preceded the OEO announcement by only a few days. Doubts were cast on the first glowing reports of success of the project by the revelation that the programs prepared for students included questions and answers very "similar" to those included on evaluation tests. Thus, the effectiveness of the entire experiment is called into question, and those who deny the capacity of a profit-oriented organization to function in the nonprofit, "disinterested" world of education are provided with unexpected ammunition. It should be remembered, however, that "teaching for the test" was not invented by the business world—it is a time-honored custom in the schools, and, in the Texarkana case, it should be possible for the independent evaluation auditors to determine the degree to which the results were "contaminated." But there are other issues that this case suggests.

Many of the problems that beset "the troubled partnership" of education and business are described elsewhere in these pages by Elliot Carlson [see p. 45]. Whether an organization that has to make a profit to survive can maintain its commitment to the chil-

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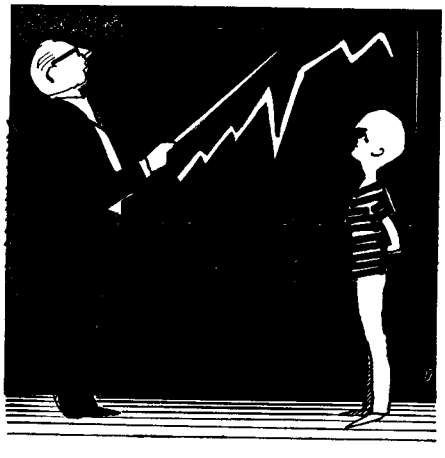
dren in its care when the competing demands of professional dedication and commercial survival come in conflict is an open question. Probably, in the "hothouse" environment in which most of the currently subsidized experiments are taking place, it can. And very possibly, in programs similar to the one being initiated in Gary, the public school client would bail out an educationally successful firm whose costs were outrunning its revenues. Certainly, an educational technology firm cannot be expected to remain immune to the rising costs of education merely because it is a nonpublic institution. And the answer to the related question of where costs might be cut when economic pressure becomes acute will be dictated in considerable part by the built-in contractual accountability for results. Therefore, the fundamental issue lies elsewhere.

It is far from certain that the complexities of human aptitude, attitude, and motivation in the classroom will be any more susceptible to the innovative pragmatism of the behavioral scientist-businessman than to the philosophical dedication of the traditional schoolman. Students at Texarkana were given prizes for learning—free time to spend with friends, trading stamps, transistor radios when a grade level in math or reading was completed—and reportedly these rewards provided stimulus, if not motivation for academic achievement. But the question remains whether, in the long run, immediate gratification can successfully replace the deferred rewards that traditionally have provided the motivation for learning. Perhaps at this age level it can, though school boards should remain skeptical until the evidence is in. In any case, we should find out. Fortunately, we have promise of a number of different laboratories in which to test the hypothesis that private educational agencies can succeed where the schools have failed. If they cannot, their disappearance is written into their contracts. If they can, the sooner we know it, the better.

—J. C.



Letters to the Education Editor

Black Arts

KUDOS TO *SR* for the stimulating and informative section focusing on "Black Arts for Black Youth" [*SR*, July 18]. At a time when many of us in the professional and educational theater are examining the matter of relevance, the pertinent statements made by John Hightower and Don Bushnell provide us with additional (and needed) insight.

It is about time that all the arts are both *fundamental* and *relevant*—to all Americans.

WALLACE STERLING,
Akron, O.

JOHN B. HIGHTOWER'S perceptive and provocative editorial "Who Are the Culturally Deprived?" should be required reading for all persons engaged in arts management and administration, and all teachers in the humanities. He has said what needs to be stated, in a terse and direct manner.

DOMINIQUE-RENE DE LERMA,
Chairman,
Black Music Committee,
Indiana University,
Bloomington, Ind.

MR. HIGHTOWER'S editorial questioning the culturally deprived was highly amusing. Whatever his qualifications for such a supercilious position toward things not of the ghetto, I can't help wondering if he has been brainwashed. He seems terribly up-tight.

Naturally, creative things come from people—people of all kinds. The fine arts that have developed in Europe, and a few other places in the world, came from community roots. The more refined these things become, the more difficult they are to attain, and the greater the talent of those who can achieve them.

Some of us have been trained to help others recognize these refinements, so that they may grow from there to more inspirational creations of their own.

Mr. Hightower will have to forgive us if we are not turned on by the narrow-minded hypocrisy of the ghetto, and whether it's made up of any one or more of the shades of skin of the human race.

SARAH F. D. MILLER,
Wilmington, Del.

MR. HIGHTOWER seems convinced that the black and Puerto Rican sections of our cities are where "the arts are most immediate and full of life" and that "the unmistakable mark of black studies and black arts is their uniquely American quality." The visible and audible evidences, however, do not bear out such judgment. What we see and hear reveals, rather, a valiant effort by blacks to adopt and reflect a completely African image in their arts and dress. Is Mr. Hightower suggesting that Americans discard the European culture of their ancestors and adopt, instead, the culture of Africa—this at a time when Africans seem to be adopting European mores?

He comments that the works of art displayed and exhibited more often than not celebrate the creative talent of another century and another country. But is it not the function and purpose of museums and concert halls to present and preserve the evidences of such talents?

The conclusion that the hope for the future of American—or for that matter any other national—art and culture rests in the ethnic ghettos is not confirmed by historical evidence. Beethovens, Dickenses, Michelangelos, Rembrandts, Berninis, and their counterparts are not products of ghettos. Although artists have lived, at times, in ghettos, ghetto conditions and environment have rarely been conducive to the creation of great works of art. Genius does not thrive in ghettos. And, by the way, blacks and Puerto Ricans are not the only ethnic groups who live in ghettos.

HARRY A. FELDMAN,
New York, N.Y.

Freer Schools

THE ARTICLE "The Rise of the 'Free School,'" by Bonnie Barrett Stretch [*SR*, June 20] was both interesting and thought-provoking.

To gain a meaningful historical perspective on the free (or antiauthoritarian or libertarian) school movement, however, one must go back further than five years. The turn-of-the-century experiments by Homer Lane and the efforts of A. S. Neill in the 1920s—culminating in the setting-up of Summerhill—still rank as more radical departures from traditional education than the innovations of many of the free schools in existence today. Moreover, the Summerhill Society's libertarian school list includes at least two schools that we know have been in operation for more than twenty years.

JIM HOFFMAN,
President,
The Summerhill Society,
New York, N.Y.

ARTICLES IN RECENT issues of *SR* have provided excellent descriptions of British primary schools, and of the rapidly developing "free schools" in this country. Both movements represent major changes from the traditional ways of teaching young children. Which one will turn out to have the greater usefulness in the reform of education in this country remains to be seen, but both have already had some impact.

It is a pity that the two movements appeared at about the same time, namely within the last five years or so, for there has been a tendency to confuse one with the other. While both types of school—the free school and the schools that have adopted the Integrated Day—are rebels from the too rigid, too book-oriented, and too authoritarian habits of traditional schools, there is a fundamental difference in the form that their rebellion takes. The free schools seem to follow varying instincts of their founders and teachers

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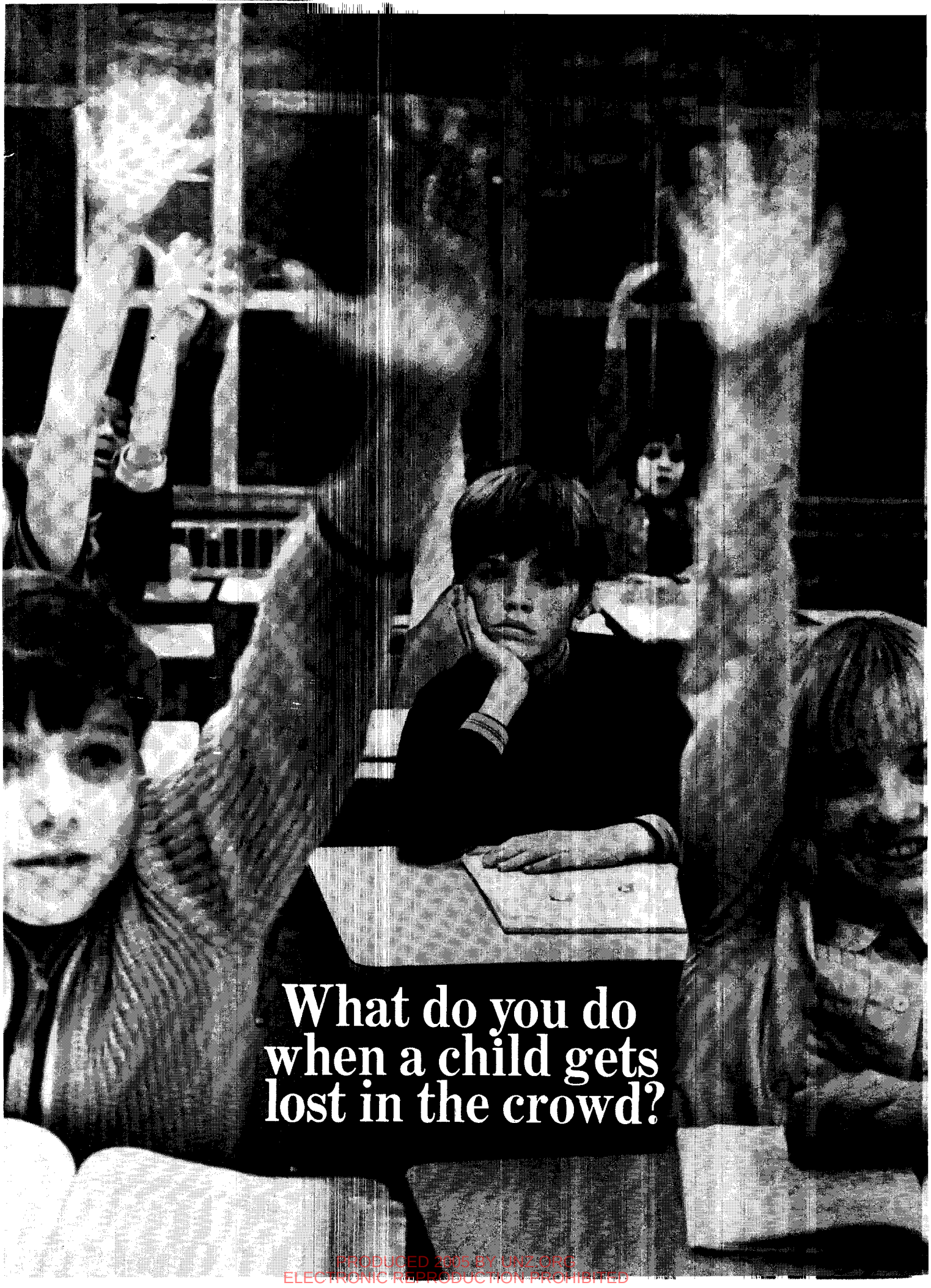

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As a teacher, you worry: "Will Mary quit trying, because she can't keep up with the class? And what about Mark—is he bored because the pace is too slow?"

The practical reality of teaching children as a group makes it difficult to give each one the individual attention he needs. Students at both ends of the scale, with totally different rates of learning, suffer the most.

Faced with this perplexing challenge, many educators and administrators have sought ways in which newly developed teaching tools may help to individualize instruction. One such teaching innovation is Computer Assisted Instruction, in which a computer is put to use drilling, testing and reinforcing concepts which heretofore required the efforts of a teacher . . . again and again and again.

New York City is using computer based learning to help children develop arithmetic skills at their own pace. Sixteen public schools are participating in the program. Yet none of these schools has a computer of its own. Instead, they share a computer. Telephone lines link all the schools to the computer located at the Board of Education's computer center in Manhattan.

In evaluating the impact of the program in the New York School System, Mel Mendelsohn, Director of Computer Assisted Instruction, has commented: "Daily drill, immediate correction of every response, each child working at his own level of achievement, together with diagnosis of each pupil's current learning status provided by daily and weekly reports to the teacher, are integral components of a CAI program. These features furnish teachers with more time for instructional planning, and perhaps for the first time provide an instructional tool to reach the acme of educational methods—individualized instruction."

But the size or geographical location of the school district has little to do with the application of computer technology.

For instance, the McComb, Mississippi, school district is small and decidedly rural.

Julian Prince, Superintendent of McComb's Schools, summarized the dilemma his teachers faced.

"Long-term educational neglect of our poor children had left us with a great deal of ground to cover in a very short period of time."

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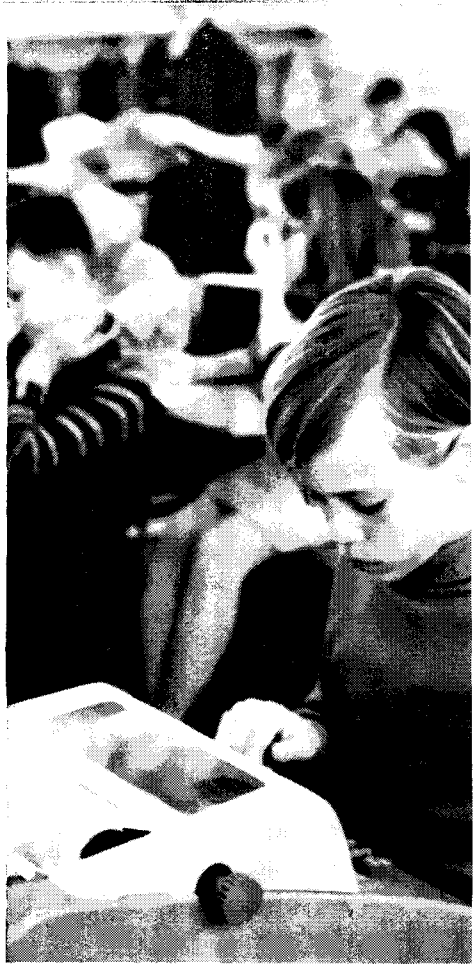

Since 1967, the McComb elementary schools have found that computer assisted instruction provides the special attention their students need. Teletypewriters in each school are connected to a central computer in the McComb Administration Building. Students receive drill and instruction in math and languages and move ahead at their own pace.

The development of advanced programs for bright students has been underway from the start.

"It's helped us uncover some really fine minds," says R. W. Lambuth, Assistant Superintendent. "One youngster became so fascinated that he spent every available moment of his time at the teletypewriter learning logic. He successfully completed the first year's program in just 38 days—the best record of any logic student in the nation."

Need for special attention is not confined to children fortunate enough to attend school . . . there are thousands of children who are unable to go to regular school sessions.

The reasons are many—physical, social, or personal—yet these children need the opportunity to learn and develop just as much as the boy next door.

Recognizing this need, the Los Angeles School System, in conjunction with the Pacific Telephone Company, developed TeleClass service. Using the telephone network, this service gives a homebound student the chance to become an active member of his own class.

The system is designed to allow a teacher to convene up to 20 homebound students by telephone. She can instruct the entire class at once, or separate students into groups depending on their age and/or class level. And, of course, she can work with each child individually. TeleClass brings a student out of physical or psychological isolation and makes him an important member of a special group: his own class.

Educators responsible for homebound instruction in Pontiac, Michigan; Baltimore, Maryland; and New York City are also finding the TeleClass is an effective substitute for in-class teaching programs.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company and your local Bell Company are constantly looking for new ways to help teachers devote more time to the individual needs of their students.

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with much activity, much good will, much spontaneity, but little theoretical direction or interest in achievement. The Integrated Day, on the other hand, requires large amounts of planning, of checking, of recording, of housekeeping, and of communicating about such things as achievement and self-control.

The motivation of free schools is often the result of very personal experiences of the founders, either with their own children or in the teaching profession generally. There is a quality of overcompensation or "acting out" that appears between the lines of articles in the *New Schools Exchange Newsletter*, for instance, and a tendency to generalize about what is good or bad "for kids." Almost wholly absent are references to the insights of psychologists about the learning processes in children, or to the analysis of specific individual differences among children, or to a curriculum that is appropriate to these conditions.

The Integrated Day, on the other hand, has firm roots in the philosophy of Froebel, Dewey, and Whitehead, and in the experimental work of Piaget. Training courses for teachers are based upon this philosophy and this experimental work. The curriculum that one sees in schools tends to reflect basic views of learning that have emerged from much study and communication about learning. The curriculum also reflects the contributions of practicing mathematicians, scientists, and artists. There is respect for expertise in all that is introduced into the curriculum. There is also deep respect for sustained achievement, for orderly relationships, for shared experiences, as well as for individual tastes, and for rising expectations that promote growth among teachers as well as students. These are the qualities that are so impressive to the visitor in a British primary school. They are not the same as the concerns that seem to motivate our free schools, at least as they appear in "the literature."

A final consideration that is hard to measure, but nonetheless apparent, is the special life-style that seems to accompany the free schools. A Conference on Alternatives in Education, held in California last April, attracted nearly 500 people, most of whom were engaged in developing free schools around the country. According to a report published by New Schools Exchange: "A tour through the upper meadow in the late morning revealed sixty people listening to Park Abbott talk about utopias; some foundation people discussing possible solutions to money problems; another group discussing preschools; still another group discussing the fate of the Free University; a Zomeworks display outside their big blue bus; a Portola Institute and Whole Earth Catalog table. . . ."

One does not question the worthiness of these subjects for discussion by a group of adults on a California hillside. One merely wonders what priority was given in their deliberations to the education of children, or, for that matter, to the fact that schools do exist and are probably here to stay.

Teachers in the Integrated Day tend to accept the fact that schools exist and are here to stay, but they believe that they can do something about the kind of environment that is presented to children by the school. They see themselves as planners, evaluators, and facilitators of this environment, and they see parents, community people, the resources of the school, and the children themselves as contributors to it. Unlike the free school, which has aspects of a utopian dream, the Integrated Day is an urge toward pragmatic reform.

There are good reasons for having schools based upon both points of view. Ours is, fortunately, a pluralistic society, and it is up to parents to choose which type of school they want for their children. Difficulties arise, however, when the school is not clear as to what its mission is: a free school or an Integrated Day. I believe it is impossible for one school to be both.

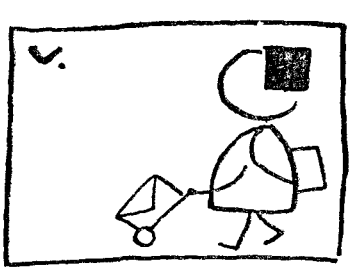
EDWARD YEOMANS,
National Association of
Independent Schools,
Boston, Mass.

IN A TIME of monumental crisis on all sides, and a feeling of utter despair by so many, the recent articles "The Rise of the 'Free School' " and "A Little Bit of Chaos" by Beatrice and Ronald Gross [*SR*, May 16] have instilled in me much new hope. I, like so many of my contemporaries, am continually discouraged when confronted with the enormity of problems in the world of business and government. It seems impossible for any group of individuals to hope to instigate any sort of fundamental change.

Yet, there is one area where the community still has a direct influence, and that is in the area of education. Your articles revealed not only how important these developments could be to the community but how successful an alternative they are. It is my hope that *SR* will continue this fine coverage of such noteworthy developments.

SGT. JOHN V. NICHOLS,
Mount Holly, N.J.

IF FREE SCHOOLS are to be taken seriously as viable alternatives to traditional public schools, they need to indicate they are more than an idea that sounds good. Since so many kids teach themselves to read and write before ever going to school, the belief held by many free schools that healthy, happy, middle-class kids will learn to do these things without formal teaching seems sound. But other considerations arise. Does it matter how many years pass before children learn these things? That is, is there an optimal use of these childhood years with respect to learning? Will further learning beyond these most basic achievements be acquired in the same way? Or is further learning unimportant? Do free school tenets apply only to the elementary years?



The avoidance in free school of "directing" or "manipulating" the youngsters seems naïve. Few will quarrel with the idea that people learn more when they like what they're doing. It does not necessarily follow that a person can only learn what he likes, or that learning necessarily is the same as doing only what you like. Some very worthwhile forms of learning require doing what most of us do *not* like: drill, practice, thinking, exhaustive mental work. Most of us require some form of external motivation to help us over these hard parts, where our will to succeed weakens in the face of the necessary effort. How much more is this true of children?

One last nagging problem remains. Is total freedom for children the way to build "independent, courageous" people, "able to face and deal with the shifting complexities of the modern world"? That certainly isn't what experience teaches us about raising children. Parents who give their youngsters free rein produce small tyrants with few resources and small tolerance for frustration. Perhaps freedom really does need to be prepared for, in school as well as at home. Perhaps school was never meant to be a minimodel of a free society, but instead a learning ground, where the young and carefree learn from the mature and responsible how to get that way.

SUE MOYER,
East Lansing, Mich.

An Apology

LEONARD J. FEIN'S article, "The Limits of Liberalism" [*SR*, June 20] is substantially identical with his chapter "Community Schools and Social Theory: The Limits of Universalism" in *Community Control of Schools*, edited by Henry M. Levin and published by Brookings on February 16. Since the article appeared without acknowledgment of its source, I will be grateful if you run a note setting the matter straight in the earliest possible forthcoming issue.

ROLAND A. HOOVER,
Director of Publications,
The Brookings Institution,
Washington, D.C.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Acknowledgment of the source of Professor Fein's paper was inadvertently deleted in the process of adapting his manuscript for publication as an article. Our apologies to The Brookings Institution and to author Fein.*

Liberal Limits

IN REPLY to Leonard J. Fein's article "The Limits of Liberalism" [*SR*, June 20]: Since when did opposition to the community concept in social organization become a tenet of dogmatic liberalism? This raises the question of what is true liberalism. To me, liberalism does not consist of tenets; it is an attitude, a willingness to change when new facts and situations are presented. If this meaning is taken, there can be no "limits"—only clarion calls for

(*Continued on page* 61)

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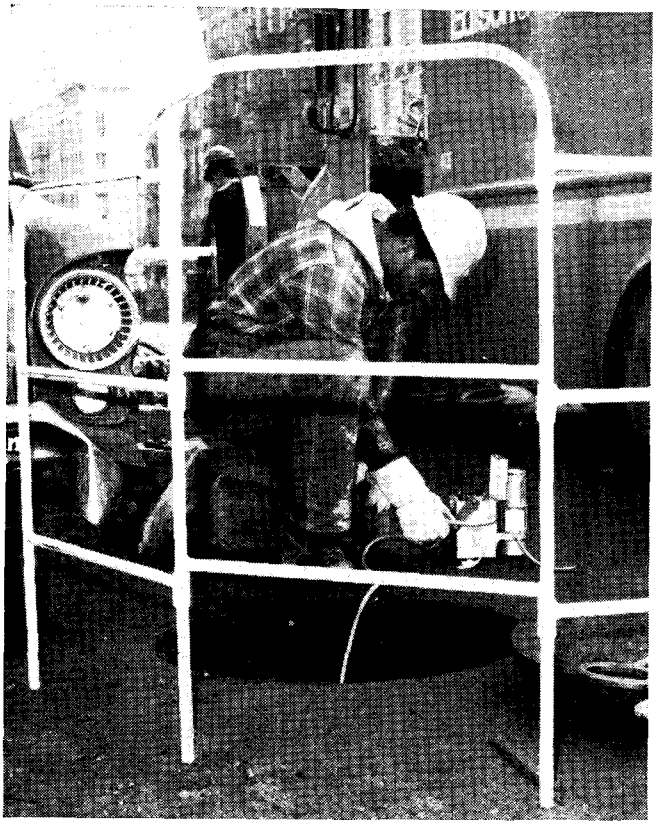

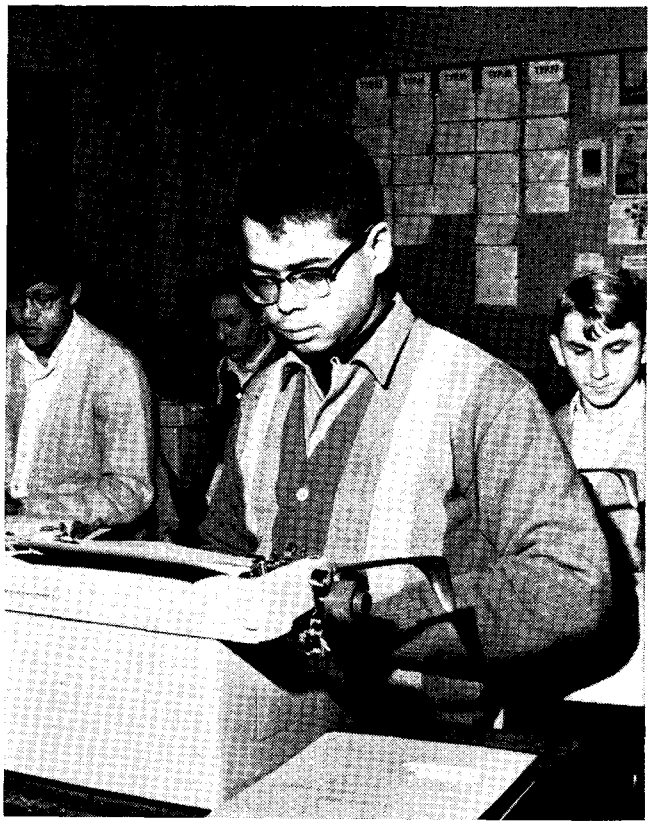

—Photos courtesy of Con Edison

Con Edison offers on-the-job training and work-study programs—"The New York utility says the program is working but not always as smoothly as it would like."

EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY: TROUBLED PARTNERSHIP

by ELLIOT CARLSON

After a wave of student violence, the Illinois Bell Telephone Company removed all its personnel from Chicago's Crane High School. The Continental Can Company last fall phased out a much-publicized education course in Harlem after Harlemites, apparently bored by the project, became harder to recruit. And the Insurance Company of North America this school year found itself with no takers when it offered a course on insurance to students in an experimental Philadelphia high school.

These are but a few of the woes afflicting companies that have pitted themselves against the tough problems of urban education. After the summer riots of 1967, many large concerns decided they could no longer stay outside the educational world and participate at a distance—through making financial contributions or hawking educational wares. Instead, they decided to enter the educational arena actively and, at least to some extent, apply the problem-solving techniques of business to vexations that have long plagued educators.

In a little more than two years, some thirty companies "adopted" high schools in about twenty cities; in one case, several companies—including Avco, Ford, Procter and Gamble, and General Electric—adopted the entire school system of Lincoln Heights, Ohio, a predominantly black suburb of Cincinnati. The "partnerships"—a word some executives prefer to avoid the paternalism suggested by "adoption"—usually involve an exchange of commitments between the school and the firm. For the most part, companies agree to provide resources and organize projects that they hope will benefit financially hard-pressed school systems.

Also, dozens of firms have forged programs that go beyond relationships with particular schools. A number of companies have fashioned work-study programs in which students from ghetto high schools spend half their day at school and the other half at jobs, while others have developed work-release policies that permit key employees to work with possible school dropouts in hopes of keeping them in school. A few industrial and commercial concerns have established schools outside the public school system that provide training in basic skills for dropouts and potential dropouts.

There's no doubt that a good many of these partnerships—and/or adoptions—are working out well. General Electric has provided two high schools in Cincinnati with modern washing machines and other equipment, enabling the school for the first time in years to fashion a realistic "appliance technology" course. Michigan Bell Telephone and Chrysler have established more than a dozen programs in two Detroit high schools, ranging from part-time jobs and special vocational courses to remedial tutoring and professional counseling.

For educators traditionally wary of outsiders, such efforts represent a significant departure from age-old classroom practice. Predictably, some critics have denounced these ventures as public relations gambits; others argue the ventures constitute a new form of white paternalism. And some observers

ELLIOT CARLSON is a reporter for *The Wall Street Journal*.

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see many of the programs as simply unimpressive in content. They note that the efforts have produced few innovative activities in schools, and that, in some cases, the very notion of partnership has been overestimated.

"Several of the partnerships now a year old report that they have not developed past the announcement stage," a 1969 study of the Institute for Educational Development, a New York-based research group, pointed out. "The act of reaching an agreement to cooperate did not solve the problem of what to do next. For them and for everyone the burden of inventing efficient ways to bring on bona fide improvements in urban institutions will remain heavy and will not be moved easily."

To a considerable degree, woes plaguing companies that tried to develop educational projects in the ghetto resemble those afflicting firms that recently entered the educational arena to make money. In both cases, there were blissful expectations of immediate results. And in both cases, corporate hopes frequently were shattered when the complexities of the educational world proved more baffling than foreseen.

In the mid-1960s, such corporate giants as IBM, Xerox, RCA, CBS, Time, and General Electric plunged into the so-called knowledge industry with a great deal of fanfare. Executives spoke of mobilizing industrial resources and brain power to solve the age-old problems of overloaded and understaffed schoolrooms, and, at the same time, to exploit what was believed to be a $50-billion-a-year education market. But it hasn't worked out that way. Indeed, these ventures have been plagued by management shakeups, scuttled plans, skimpy profits, and, in some cases, prolonged losses.

Critics charge these big companies entered the educational field without knowing what products to sell or how to sell them. Most industry sources now believe these concerns, among other things, misjudged the size of the market. Also, they are said to have overestimated the readiness of schools to adopt new educational techniques and install expensive new machines. Finally, it has been theorized that the big firms simply misjudged the extent to which their national reputations would open educational doors.

Just how badly a company can miscalculate was demonstrated by Raytheon, the big defense contractor that in 1965 acquired a number of education-related firms. Among them were a closed circuit television and language lab manufacturer, a teaching machine outfit, a maker of science equipment, and, finally, D. C. Heath, an old textbook house that was added in 1966. Behind these acquisitions was something called the "systems approach" to the educational market. In effect, the company sought to merge educational materials (software) and fancy educational systems (hardware) into a "fully integrated" marketing approach.

It didn't work. Right off, Raytheon erred by failing to take into account the importance of tradition in the education market. The company took the Heath name off the textbooks, and the upshot was nearly disastrous. The new Raytheon label impressed far fewer educators, and, as a result, the original name was restored. Despite such troubles many industry observers nonetheless were shocked late last year when the firm announced a major retreat from earlier staked-out territory: Raytheon's education subsidiary said it planned to sell its electronic learning systems business and stick exclusively to publishing.

A number of other corporations now readily admit making errors. "The theory was that the future of education is a marriage of software and hardware. The theory is still right, in my estimation, but it's going to be a long time coming," James A. Linen, Time president, last year told *The Wall Street Journal*. Trade sources note that the General Learning Corporation, a Time-General Electric joint enterprise formed in 1965, lost $5-million during its first three years and, in fact, lost money again in 1969 (the venture, however, is expected to show its first profit in 1970). General Learning officials concede that many of the original ideas behind the marriage of GE and Time were wrong. Among them: misconceptions about the level of federal funding and the pace at which the education market would change.

Underpinning many of these ventures has been the assumption that educational problem-solving was somehow compatible with the profit motive. Nowhere was this view more pervasive than at MIND, Inc., a small learning company that CPC International, Inc. (then Corn Products), set up as a wholly owned subsidiary in 1967. Formed to help companies upgrade the skills of low-level employees and to train the hard-core unemployed, MIND seemed to have a bright future. Indeed, for a time it appeared as though the new firm would have no trouble developing and selling innovative education programs, while at the same time returning profits to Corn.

"I think it is significant that MIND is a profit-making business owned by one of our nation's blue-chip corporations. After all, where does one find better problem-solvers than in business," Charles F. Adams, founder and until last year president of MIND, enthused in early 1968. By that time the learning concern already had 130 companies as clients and was negotiating with 200 others. To serve these customers—and find new ones—MIND's staff grew to 150 in seven branch offices scattered across the country. In mid-1968, Adams confidently predicted that the firm's revenues that year would multiply fivefold to $1.5-million from $300,000 in 1967, and would more than triple to about $5-million in 1969.

For its part, Corn seemed enthusiastic about the prospects of its fledgling subsidiary. "Dissemination of knowledge will soon be the largest single effort in our economy, and if a company wants to hook on to the future it has to get out of traditional businesses. One day, Corn Products will have a bigger position in education than in foods," Bennett E. Kline, a Corn vice president, intoned in 1968. This was a staggering prediction for a company whose revenues that year topped $1.1-billion.

But in April of 1969 the balloon burst. Adams suddenly resigned as president of MIND and took with him a number of the firm's key executives, programmers, and salesmen. In fact, the only people left on the job were about a dozen secretaries and bookkeepers. The split-up followed a bitter wrangle between Adams and officers of Corn over how far and how fast MIND was to develop. In the early months of 1969, Adams says his eyes were opened as to the real nature of MIND's relationship with the parent company.

One thing is sure: The MIND experience reveals just how difficult it is for profit-minded giants and education-oriented subsidiaries to prosper under the same corporate umbrella.

"We found that Corn had no plans to make a major financial commitment to develop MIND," growls the thirty-four-year-old Adams, a thinly thatched dynamo who glares owlishly from behind thick-rimmed eyeglasses. "In point of fact, Corn had done no planning on how we might be integrated into their overall marketing strategy and corporate structure."

According to Adams, Corn had neither objectives for MIND nor the willingness to support the subsidiary's officers in their goals (Adams had hopes of turning MIND into a $167-million firm by 1975).

For its part, Corn seems to have become disenchanted with MIND—or at least with its outspoken president. Even though MIND's 1968 sales—just about as predicted—soared 474 per cent to $1.4-million, the company nevertheless continued to lose money. After earlier having projected a profit of $151,000 for 1968, the new firm ended up

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losing $139,000. Arguing that MIND's operations actually were profitable, Adams says the loss was the result of last-minute expenditures required to expand the sales staff, and thus guarantee even greater growth in 1969. Two other factors apparently conspired against MIND's—or Adams's—ambitions inside Corn. First, Corn's profits had leveled off in the first quarter of 1969, which, according to Adams, reduced its willingness to take risks with capital. Also, Corn named a new chief executive officer, who, reputedly, was less sympathetic to innovative ventures such as MIND.

Whatever the reasons, Adams and Corn parted company with a great deal of bitterness on both sides. The question is raised as to what CPC International's interest was—and continues to be—in maintaining MIND as a subsidiary. Not surprisingly, some "knowledge industry" critics belittle MIND as little more than a gesture that permits Corn to say, "We're doing our part in solving tough social problems." Says Adams: "Corn unquestionably got millions of dollars' worth of publicity out of MIND."

Corn officials reject this view as "absolutely false." Vice President Kline observes simply: "The size of the market didn't warrant the tremendous overhead that had been built up. There were a lot of people on the MIND payroll that just shouldn't have been there." Thus, in the wake of Adams's departure, it was necessary to trim the 150-man staff down to about thirty-five and to reduce branch offices from seven to one, he says. Denying that MIND's woes have alienated clients, Kline notes that the firm now has contracts with about 100 businesses and, at the same time, is solidly in the black. Still, MIND's growth has slowed considerably. According to Kline, MIND's 1969 sales rose no more than 50 per cent, which would have placed them slightly above $2-million—well below the $5-million forecast by Adams in 1968.

How does the MIND program actually work? Put simply, MIND does away with both the classroom and the teacher as educational instruments. In their place are conference tables (around which trainees sit informally) and monitors (nonprofessionals who serve as classroom helpers, but do not provide information). Students learn by hunching over fat basic-education workbooks, and by listening to tapes on earphones plugged into tape machines. Lessons frequently are accompanied by soft music to lull students into a relaxed mood. Theoretically, students are supposed to work at their own speed.

MIND's courses are designed to raise a trainee's math and literacy skills from three to five grade levels to as high as the tenth-grade level in about 160 hours of instruction. Typing courses are designed to train beginners to type forty-five to sixty words a minute after fourteen hours of instruction, and MIND's stenography course is supposed to enable a secretary who can take fifty words of dictation a minute at the start to triple her speed after sixty lessons of fifteen minutes each.

The cost of MIND's basic education course ranges anywhere from $94 per trainee for a class size of seventy students to $562 per trainee for a class size of twelve. Either way, MIND officials maintain their program costs less than the expense of searching for prospective employees who already possess the skills that MIND teaches.

Many big outfits, such as IBM, American Express, Consolidated Edison, Continental Can, and Xerox, have used MIND materials, although with a variety of results. Indeed, the experiences of some of these firms suggest just how hard it is to hit upon the right educational formula for the disadvantaged groups. Generally, companies have been most successful when they haven't felt bound to any particular system.

Beginning its education efforts with a heavy emphasis on the MIND program in 1968, Consolidated Edison dropped this approach early last year, and since that time has turned to more conventional methods. "MIND did some good, but we ended up being unhappy with it," says Bruce Wittmer, Con Ed's director of personnel. The trouble, he notes, was that the tape-recorded materials raised trainees' educational standing only about three-fourths of a grade level after 150 hours

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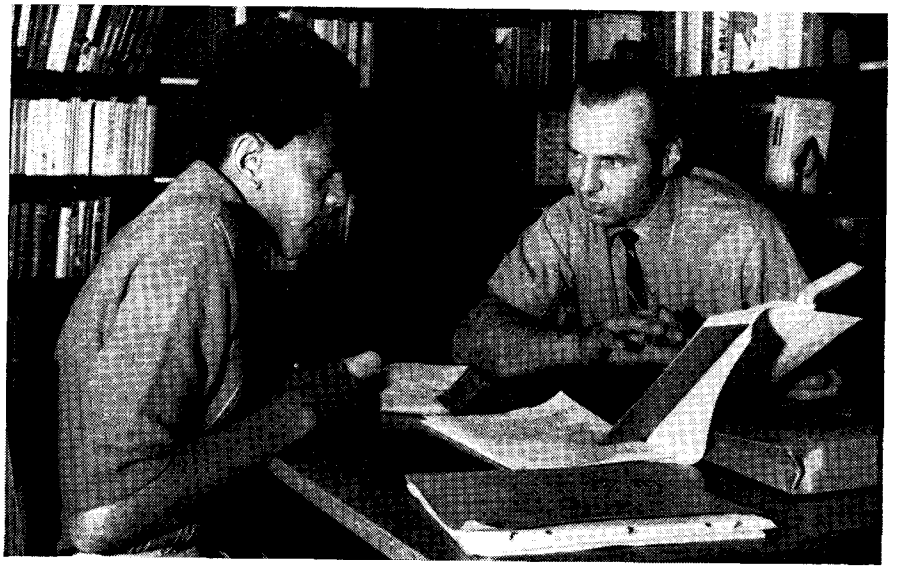
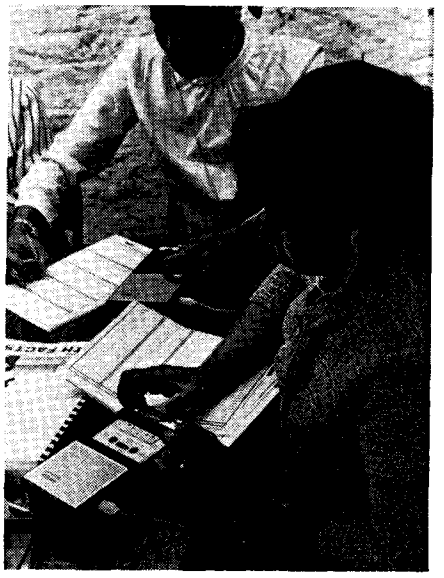


—Michigan Bell Telephone

In recent years many major companies have established programs in cooperation with school districts in cities around the nation.

—General Electric

—CPC International



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NOTES OF A YOUNG RADICAL

by GREGORY H. C. KNOX

The four-day arts festival at Columbia University last March was organized as a benefit for political prisoners. It included poetry, rock, jazz, folk, theater, dance, a light show, speakers, and an exhibit of "painting and stitchery." Sponsored by the Anglican Fellowship, it was held in Saint Paul's Chapel. Benefits are satisfying in an economic sense, for it is practically impossible to lose; there was a very small investment and a proportionately large return: Wall Street Cream. Closer to the Wall than to The Street, I am not easily gratified by finances; indeed, not being connected with Columbia at all now, I suppose I am one of the "professional revolutionaries" the university administration periodically describes in its coverups for what is happening on campus as "a tiny minority of hard-core revolutionaries, wholly unaffiliated with the university, who will stop at nothing...."

My involvement in what is referred to as the Movement has spanned some five years of innumerable marches, demonstrations, arrests, and changes; but this was different. It was not a positive strike at the Establishment, nor an offensive tactic at all—proceeds went to the Political Prisoners' Defense Fund. The whole thing was just a holding action; it did not advance our struggle or attack a corrupt institution, but rather tried to take care of brothers and sisters who were already under attack. That this action is so necessary so soon is discouraging; its importance to the Movement is similarly sobering, for if we cannot protect our own, we will not endure.

The organizers of the benefit shared some important beliefs. One was that our definition of political prisoners should not be limited to include only those who are now being punished by the society for their "political" convictions and actions. Eldridge Cleaver maintains that every black person in jail in this country is a political prisoner, and he is entirely correct in a very important sense; similarly, the red man is a political prisoner, whether he is in jail or out. Americans who have left the country because of their unwillingness to participate in the murder the United States is conducting abroad and who cannot return are political prisoners.

Another belief we shared was that the Defense Fund should be used to help not just the famous cases (although we did contribute to the New York Panther 21 and the Chicago Conspiracy), but, more importantly, the cases of students and workers who were arrested for their political activities and did not have access to national publicity and funds.

Artistic organizing is just like political organizing. That this turned out to be true was lucky for me, for my prior experience had been with the latter, and I was to base my work as the festival coordinator on that. The rule is: People do what they want to do. If they know that what you want to do is what they want to do, they will join. Advertising and publicity are sometimes useful to inform people, but in general (and particularly because they are used to deceive rather than inform) detrimental. If people want to know something, they will know it — the Stones could give a concert in New York and without spending a cent on advertising have a full house. Moreover, although people are easily deceived, they generally do know what they want. What they want is to have fun; few want to help.

I was amused at the prospect of asking rock groups to perform for the benefit, for I have always considered it ironic that a group would sing the military-industrial-complex blues and get paid for it by that complex, and make more money for the complex by singing it. Plantation politics based on the long-hair bond. It's all right to be a rebel as long as you get $1,000 a night for it; only make a revolution if you get paid well. I got in touch with Richard Goldstein, who has been the rock critic for the *Village Voice* and *The New York Times*, on the chance that he might have some ideas for the festival. In the course of our conversation, I said that a benefit for political prisoners was necessary and talked about the increased tension on the streets and consequent repression in the courts. He agreed that "there's a lot coming down," and pointed out that eight of the songs now on the rating charts (Cashbox, etc.) are about rain (e.g., "Who Will Stop the Rain?") and that was a pretty good indication of where people's heads were. He was correct; but the music segment of the festival actually turned out to be one of its biggest successes.

The other major amusement in the organization revolved around the poetry reading, which was to occur on the first night. Poets are terrible people, perhaps because contemporary poetry is so terrible, so false to its own time. The concern of the poets who read at the festival was whom they were reading *with*, not *for*. *The Columbia Literary Review* Gesindel resented the fact that poets from the St. Mark's (in the Bowery) Poetry Project used the same mike the same night; petty people, small stakes. When I told Columbia poetry professor Kenneth Koch of my hope to have LeRoi Jones participate in the reading, he informed me that if that happened he would refuse to read, because he "wouldn't stand in the same room with that guy and take his insults." So the Poetry Professor scorned the black Homer.

Dick Gregory answers the phone like this: "Dick Gregory." When I told him why I was calling, he said, "Next week? Man, my schedule is filled until June 30." I suggested he might be able to make it after his talk at the Bronx Community College; he shot back, "What day are we talking about?" I said Friday and he said, "OK, brother, I'll do it"; no questions about who was sharing his spotlight or his struggle.

The night before the festival began, I met with a brother who is now with the Young Lords in East Harlem. The Lords were one of the groups that the benefit organizers wanted to help. Juan told me that they were continuing their programs in the community: launching health offensives to secure open facilities at the local hospital and lead-poison and tuberculin testing for the barrio residents; protecting the community from the Mafia and the police—the ghetto's own Scylla and Charybdis; and expelling the junkies and other vermin. The breakfast program for the community children is still working—not very romantic, but essentially revolutionary; to give breakfast to children in the ghetto is to make a revolution.

I told Juan we would help as much as we could, with the money and with getting the word out. As he left, I said I was impressed with what he was doing. "Yeah," he said with a smile,

GREGORY H. C. KNOX, a member of the Class of '69 at Columbia University, is currently "staying in the streets and freeing the people."

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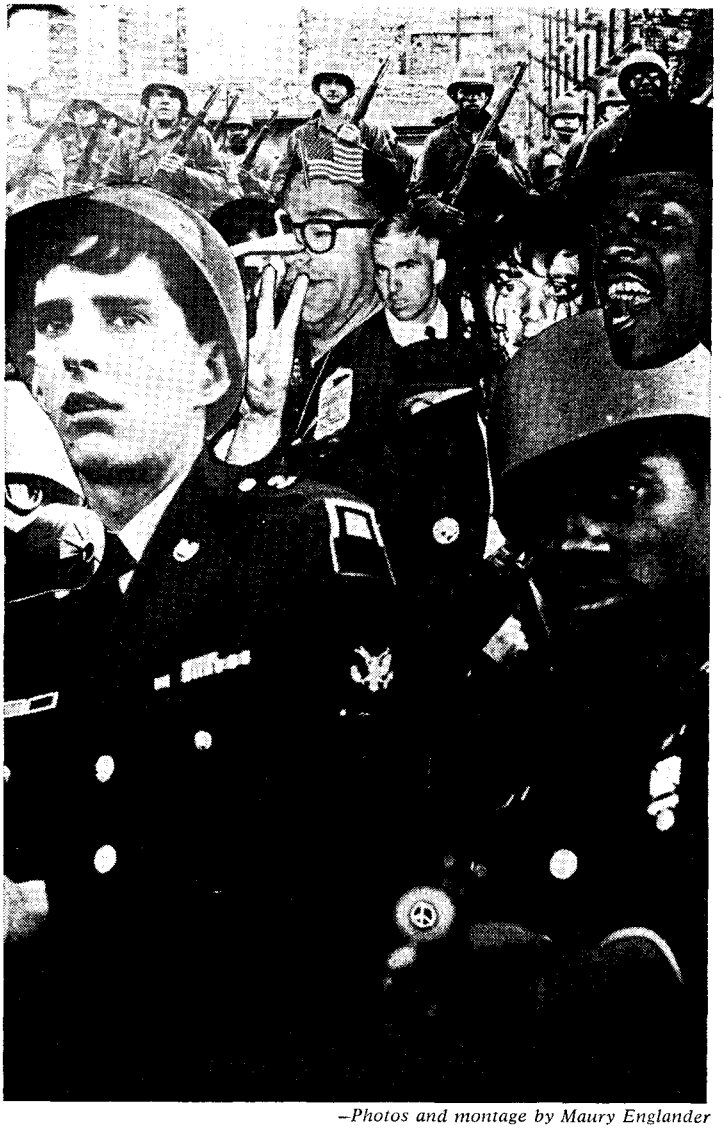

—Photos and montage by Maury Englander

"People do not start out bombing; they end up bombing."

"it's nice to be working every day."

The first event on Tuesday night was the poetry reading, so I didn't pay very much attention. It was followed by "Our Man in Havana," which has the right ideological line if you want it to, and B-Town Slim and his Rhythm Revue, a rock-blues band, which is now called Big City and is backing rock singer Joel Vance. Not an authority on rock, I let my body do the thinking when I hear music; they were fantastic, and more so in that big-domed church. The lead guitar and harp alone sounded like a big-band blues show and seemed to move the woodwork.

Attendance was zero—an exaggeration, but not enough of one. To answer the coordinator's instinctive question, Where is everyone?, I had only to look outside. The D4M (leftovers from the JDs of the '50s) was sponsoring its own benefit for political prisoners, which consisted of marching around the campus and breaking windows by throwing rocks at them. The finale was a bonfire on South Field—fire symbolizes something revolutionary—around which they danced and sang just as the Campfire Girls do, right down to the toasted marshmallows (this is true, there really were marshmallows). Attendance was about 500.

Together, the festival organizers thought about the band exposing their souls so well in the chapel, and all the children at their campfire outside. All those sons and daughters of doctors and lawyers who really have nothing to worry about, for their progeny are heirs to their own cowardice. They are the truest capitalists: Be as angry as you want as long as it doesn't cost you anything; above all, Never Miss a Meal.

These are the people who bother me most, the people who ought to know better. Attorney General Mitchell and Secretary of Defense Laird do not bother me, for they are pigs on purpose; they declare openly that they are working to destroy me, just as I declare openly that I will destroy their tiny minority of extremists—there is a certain knightly honesty in this openness. The Silent Majority do not bother me, for they are good. They are disturbed and angered by someone dropping a two-ounce bomb in Alexander's, but if there were freedom of the press in this country and they were fairly informed, I believe they would realize the proportion between a two-ounce bomb going off in Alexander's and the two tons of U.S. bombs that have been dropped every minute for the last four years in Vietnam. If allowed, they would be proportionately outraged.

Wednesday night produced the same small attendance, but it was actually the most fun. This was due for the most part to the Cam Brown Jazz Sextet and the Twyla Tharp Modern Dance Company. As the sax and trumpet filled the chapel with a free and happy brass sound that was entirely proper, the dance company performed a piece that had been composed especially for the benefit. Miss Tharp had asked one of the organizers what it was like to be in jail, and he told her that the last time he was in jail he was in a single cell with fourteen other people. So she marked off an eight-by-eight area of the chapel floor and danced with her troupe within that "cell." It was the best approach to imprisonment that had ever been brought to my attention. The whole thing—the music, the chapel, the dance—was so perfect that it made me smile even while thinking of my own upcoming trial for refusing induction into the armed services and the probable sentence which would result, and that's not usually something I can smile about. It was genuine concelebration.

Thursday night the chapel held an audience of about 500; most had come to hear Country Joe. The Pageant Players and the Burning City Street Theater also performed, and the Bluegrass Highballers produced the first spectacle of the night when their strong country music propelled some of the audience into what they considered country dancing; nothing compares with an acid head doing the Virginia reel.

Country Joe MacDonald came from the West Coast to do two things: stand trial in Worcester, Massachusetts, on the charge that he was a lewd, lascivious, and wanton person; and perform at the Benefit for Political Prisoners. He is good. The day before he sang in St. Paul's, he was convicted by a Worcester justice who divined that the function of rock 'n' rollers is to excite crowds. The day after, he was due for a concert in Florida. Thursday night he was tired and had a cold; a sore throat could have wrecked his concert the next day, but he came as he promised. As he entered the chapel,

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his buddy was stopped by our man at the door and told about our request for a donation from each person of $1; he put two dollars on the table "for Country Joe and myself." Then Joe bought a copy of the underground newspaper *Rat*, because he had heard that it was just taken over by Women's Liberation and he wanted to know how they were doing with it, and went downstairs to tune up. Gerald Lefcourt, the New York Panther 21's chief defense counsel, spoke briefly, and then Country Joe went on.

New York City—and particularly Columbia University—was not graced by a peaceful atmosphere at the time of the festival. Aside from the continued injustice being perpetrated on the Panthers here, the office buildings of some big firms had been bombed, the Townhouse Weathermen had, in their misguided excitement, blown themselves up, and so forth. There was a certain tension to the city and a special tension to Columbia, which always has used its combined intelligences to understand fully what a fearsome position it is in rather than to do anything. A good old helpless liberal professor once explained to his class why there was so much paranoia in modern literature: "The reason we are always so scared and think that people are trying to hurt us and kill us is that people *are* trying to hurt us and kill us." Abbie Hoffman spoke on campus the Friday before the festival and expressed it more succinctly: "Boom!"

Spring was approaching, when a young man's fancy turns to rioting, and Columbia, which had been enjoying a demonstration each night (weather permitting) for the past week, had a few busloads of New York City's Tactical Police Force stationed just outside its main gates. I guess they occasionally arrested people; in any case, the D4M, et al., apparently decided that what would please them most at the moment would be listening to Country Joe, so we had a full house —and a calm house. And then something rather extraordinary happened.

Country Joe began to sing a song that he had written about kept women, inspired by the movie of Henry Miller's *Quiet Days in Clichy*. The song was intended as an exposé of girls who live off their bodies. Before he had gotten halfway through the piece, the chapel erupted with the exhalations of some representatives of the Women's Liberation Front, whose understanding was too limited to enable them to grasp the distinction between exposé and exploitation. They hissed and shouted, and Joe stopped playing as a copy of *Rat* was thrown in his face. As the newspaper disembodied in midair and then slowly drifted down in front of him, Country Joe tried to give a short explanation of what the song was about and then said that if the people did not want him to go on with it, he would just sing something else. Since the hissing went on, he sang something else. He played for an hour, a long gig. As he got up, the applause stormed; but as we headed back downstairs, the applause was stopped short by one of the WLF chicks who wished to explain why their action was necessary. Joe stopped short and caught my arm; "Oh, wait a minute," he said, "I want to hear this." We listened together to her misery, and I asked Joe if he wanted to reply. "She didn't say anything—there's nothing I can reply to," and he started downstairs, shaken.

By the time he got down, the people in the chapel were clapping again for an encore. He came out and sang for another fifteen minutes. When we finally got downstairs again, there were three members of the WLF waiting to persuade Country Joe not to sing that song again. He couldn't believe it; the day before his singing had been stopped by the Establishment in Worcester, and tonight he had been stopped by the Counterestablishment in New York City. His freedom of speech had been denied by both the Right and the Left within twenty-four hours. I suppose being suppressed on both sides in such a short time leaves one feeling like a sort of political pancake. It was hard for me to accept what was happening, too; three wacky broads, no matter whom they represent, are still three wacky broads.

We all sat and talked, if that's the word. In retrospect, I think the main problem was that these girls (they weren't women, and they certainly weren't liberated) were, simply, dumb. Country Joe, whose reference to girls as "chicks" was a major indiscretion, thought that the brothers and sisters ought at least to be able to recognize their friends.

I thought about college kids and ghetto kids, and Scarsdale and East Harlem, about Country Joe's conviction for making good music (the most subversive of the arts) and toasting marshmallows, about courage and Che and breaking windows, about my arrests and probable jail sentences, about people doing what is easiest and about political prisoners. I remembered a line from Michael Brown's *Notes from the Tombs*: "In jail, one does what one is told by everyone all of the time." And I wondered why there were so many punks on Earth.

I also thought about the cops sitting in their buses on 116th Street, and Country Joe sitting in the room being liberated by those idiots. As I drifted back into the discussion, he was answering charges that he was a male supremacist and a "sexist" (what a fantastic word; I had never heard it before), by relating how he loves his wife and washes the dishes and cleans the house sometimes. Then the feminist heavies got back onto the subject of the song; they couldn't remember anything specific that offended them since they hadn't really listened to the words, so Joe asked them if they knew what the song was about as he looked through his guitar case for the lyrics. Since none of them could answer him, they just got more insulting. Joe had already helped the benefit (and our prisoners) more than these chicks had ever helped anyone, and I was annoyed enough to say, "Look, honey . . . ," which was all I had to say, for women are not supposed to be likened to honey. The young lady told me she would beat me up. Since I am over six feet tall and wear big black motorcycle boots that are good to jump on people with, I am not accustomed to being threatened by people, even female people. So, even though I read the "Good Book," I got tough and told her to "Try it, just try anything" (it was quite comical); it would give me a good excuse to pick her up and toss her out of the building (thereby demonstrating that I am a male supremacist and, if I may say so, a sexist).

By this time, Joe had the lyrics and passed them over to the trio's leader—a Vassar girl whose first name, interestingly enough, is Sydney. She looked over the lyrics and handed the sheets

—Howard Harrison (Nancy Palmer)

"If the struggle in this country . . .

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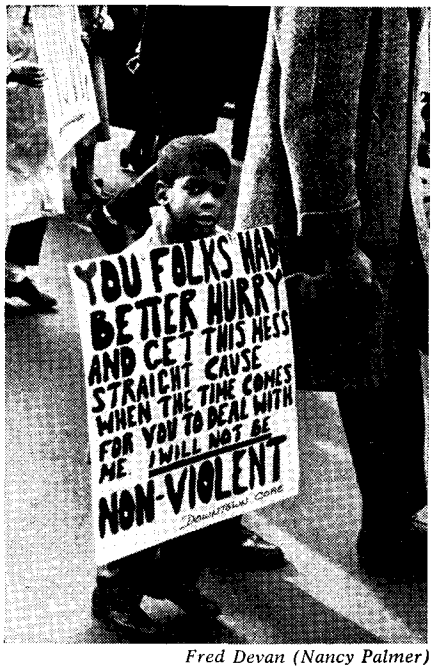
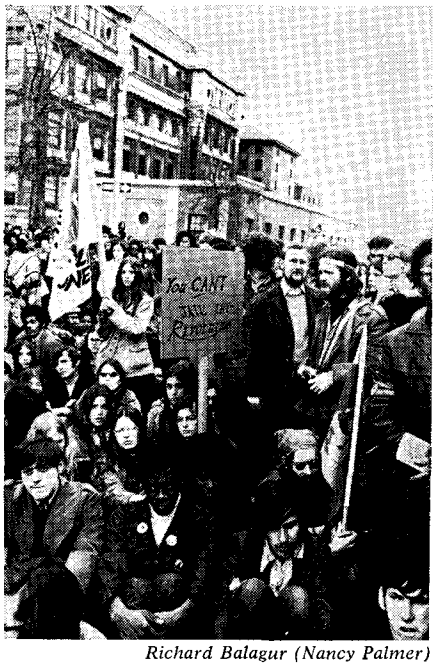


Fred Devan (Nancy Palmer)



Richard Balagur (Nancy Palmer)

Howard Harrison (Nancy Palmer)

. . . is to continue, there will have to be a good deal more of both organization and sacrifice."

back, admitting that they were "very good." Country Joe suggested that his next song would be about the Women's Liberation Front's suppressing his freedom of speech; and the WLF liberated us by leaving.

I got back with a Coke for Country Joe, and he was still upset. When I apologized for the disruption of his concert, he just said, "Man, I looked at those people in the audience, and they had hatred in their eyes." As a result of his encounter with the force of liberation, he was afraid of being physically attacked on leaving the building. Whether due to his singing, the talk, or his nerves, he had almost completely lost his voice. It was outrageous; we walked to his car, and he asked me why I bothered.

I walked home that night past a busload of cops waiting to be called to put on their uniforms and attend the current riot. They sat inside the bus playing cards and talking in their flannel shirts. One cop with his back to the window had his hat on backward; it seemed too human, almost amusing. Would a Women's Liberation Frontette ever wear her hat backwards?

On Friday morning we learned that the university administration was considering shutting down the arts festival. Their justification for this action was the suspicion that we were responsible for the riot the night before. Since we had no "heavy political raps" at any time during the festival (we were afraid of silliness, not incitement), I presumed that our complicity consisted of the fact that we sponsored an activity at which a large number of people were present, some of whom then went on to the riot.

Some of the more diplomatic members of our organization team assured the university that we would keep our collective nose clean, so we were allowed to go on unless things grew too unruly. It was an unruly night, but it had nothing to do with the Left. Dick Gregory was scheduled to speak at 11 p.m., following the Alec Guinness flick of the night, a brief talk by Ed Oppenheimer of the Civil Liberties Union, and a rock group backed by the ICC Sound Union Light Show. I went uptown to meet Gregory at 10:30, when he was to have finished his two-hour speaking engagement; but when I saw him at 10:15, he hadn't even begun it yet, having been misinformed about his place on the program. The postponement did not particularly upset me, since the Light Show and rock groups could go on indefinitely and be interrupted whenever Gregory was able to start. I called the chapel to report, and found that *all* of the bands that we had scheduled canceled; combined with my news, it seemed chaotic. I asked if the crowd realized yet that we were stalling: "No, but they sure will when the lute player goes on next." I had heard quite correctly; a classical lute player had been found who would fill in. He did, sitting on a straight-back chair in front of the acid light projections of the 750-square-foot screen. "I never performed with a light show before," was his post-show comment.

Dick Gregory promised he would get down as soon as possible, so I returned to Columbia. We had advertised the music portion of our program with a general "Rock Bands, various sizes, shapes & styles," and that is precisely what was going on by the time I got back to the chapel. Surprisingly enough, our last-minute machinations worked out fairly well, and the show held together, although many people left when we announced that Dick Gregory would be late. My attitude toward people having been sufficiently jaundiced as a result of the first two days of the benefit, I didn't lose any pity on their impatience. I didn't even feel disappointed with all the "committed" young people who weren't able to wait one hour to hear someone who had waited in jail for months, for them. At least the people who remained made a good crowd.

I feel a special bond with Dick Gregory. The last time we had spoken together was in 1966; he was a lot straighter then and so was I. I had worked in the mayor's office for the summer, and there was a party for the "summer interns" in Central Park after speeches by Lindsay and Gregory. The comedian was just beginning to cease being so funny, and the speech he gave was exquisite and unexpected. The mayor's staff (and everyone else there) was surprised. I spoke to Gregory at the party and was amazed at how honest he was—and surprised that he seemed scared. I'm no longer surprised at the fear in honest people; we

(*Continued on page* 61)

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THE SILENT GENERATION MEETS THE CLASS OF 1970

Carleton College, class of 1960 (above) and 1970 graduates (below)—"We were the last, and the quietest, of the Silent Generation."

by MIKE GARTNER

You remember the spring of 1960. That was when Floyd Patterson regained his title from Ingemar Johansson. That was when *The Untouchables* won three Emmys, when James Cagney starred in *The Gallant Hours*. That was the spring when Lucille Ball got divorced, Princess Margaret got married, and Francis Gary Powers got shot down.

That was also the spring when I and 209 other youths were graduated from Carleton College in Northfield, Minnesota. Most of us had had a pleasant four years. We had worked hard—Carleton was then and is now a top-notch liberal arts school—but not as hard as we had wanted our parents and professors to believe. We had spent a lot of time drinking beer at The Well, attending parties in the arboretum, and taking in nearly every movie that came to the Grand, little Northfield's only cinema. (Northfield, home also of St. Olaf College, must be the only town in America with more colleges than movie theaters.) We didn't worry, because we had nothing to worry about. In our world, there was no war (many of us never were drafted), no civil rights problems (the college's one black student seemed happy enough), no pollution. We were the last, and the quietest, of the Silent Generation.

In the intervening ten years, of course, the campus and the world have been remade. The campus has become heavy with causes, the world heavy with woes. The Class of '61 got caught up in the idealism of John F. Kennedy, the Class of '62 became aware of civil rights. Since then, students have had pollution, starvation, and oppression to battle, as well as a war to fight.

What has the Class of '60 been doing while all this has been happening? Sad to say, not much. The Silent Generation has slipped quite comfortably into the Silent Majority, thank you. Instant middle age.

We were, a more recent Carleton graduate told me not long ago, "the get out, get a job, get ahead generation." And so we got out, got jobs, got ahead. Today, we are lawyers, doctors, and vice presidents. Instead of drinking beer at The Well, we drink scotch at the country club. We worry more about getting out of sand traps than getting out of Asia, more about losing weight than losing lives.

This is no guess, it is fact. A poll of my classmates indicates that perhaps a majority—a minimum of 40 per cent and probably more—believe the war is currently being conducted in the proper way. They believe their fellow vice president, Mr. Agnew, is generally right in his pronouncements. Many admit—perhaps boast—that they are a part of the Silent Majority. Interviews with classmates at my tenth reunion this summer fleshed out the statistics, which were gathered in a mail poll that was answered by 121 members of the class. Some think all is not right with the world. Several actively support their beliefs by working for candidates and causes. One or two, professors now, consider themselves radicals.

But a staggering proportion apparently think that the biggest thing wrong with America today is the snot-nosed collegians, who refuse to be docile as we were. "Hey," a close

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friend told me proudly at the reunion, "I took care of that sign in the union. I set it on fire." What sign? The one put up by students appealing for funds to help eighty-four Carleton students pay the fines assessed for sitting in at the old Federal Building in Minneapolis as an act of "nonviolent disobedience" during the spring strikes over Cambodia and Kent State. He had set it on fire.

No doubt about it, my friend and his fellow thinkers are in the mainstream. A Gallup poll, taken in late May, found that campus unrest was regarded by Americans as the leading problem of this country, more of a problem than even the war. So this large element of my class is right in step. But they should not be. First of all, they are only thirty-one or thirty-two years old, too young to be conservatized, too young to be clucking about the younger generation. More important, these people are better educated than the average American. They are not the construction workers, with their taste for direct action. They are not the police, largely products of a nonintellectual environment. They are not the National Guard. These are intelligent men and women; our small class produced nearly a score of lawyers and nearly a score of doctors, with 58 per cent of the graduates immediately going on to graduate school. Upon graduation, five of my classmates were awarded Fulbright scholarships, six received National Science Foundation fellowships, eight received Woodrow Wilson fellowships, and one received a Danforth grant.

Nor is Carleton an aberration, a school that somehow turns out students more conservative than most. A poll of the 1960 Princeton class, for instance, discovered that 43 per cent of them voted for Barry Goldwater in 1964 and 61 per cent voted for Richard Nixon in 1968. Nearly a quarter of them believe the government is acting correctly in its war policy. (Another quarter are "not sure.")

The implications are startling and discouraging. Lumped together with their conservative, uneducated brethren and their conservative parents and grandparents (a recent Gallup poll found that 52 per cent of the general public considers itself conservative, 34 per cent liberal), these people will form the majority, silent or not, for decades to come.

That may or may not be good for the nation, but it surely will come as a shock to those young men and women in college now. "Work within the system," they are constantly told. "Change from within." Well, the system is stacked against them. My generation, not theirs, is going to be in charge for some time to come, and my generation and theirs are poles apart.

We see eye to eye on nothing. Fifty-six per cent of the Princeton class of 1960, for example, considers itself Republican, with 17 per cent Democratic and 27 per cent independent. It would be hard to find a college in America today where more than half the students called themselves Republican. "I know one conservative," a Carleton sophomore recently volunteered to an inquiring visitor. Professors there disagree wildly about the political makeup of the students, but the consensus seems to be that about 20 per cent of the students are to the right of "liberal," whatever that means. Most students—52 per cent—consider themselves "independent," according to a recent Gallup poll. Another poll, of 2,500 students at many colleges where demonstrations against the war were held, found 13 per cent Republican, 20 per cent Democrat, 62 per cent independent, and 5 per cent radical.

What will today's youth do when they discover that yesterday's youth are firmly in command? It seems to me that many students today will feel that there are but two choices: drop out of society, or try to overthrow it violently. These alternatives are not exactly pleasant.

This will be the first real frustration for most of these youths. They have always got everything they wanted, from nickels for ice cream cones to girls in the dorms. (Ah, yes, Carleton has coed dorms now, too. And drinking in the rooms.) Can they cope with frustration the way their parents could, the way we can? "How many times can they be disillusioned?" a Carleton professor wonders, before they choose one of the two alternatives. If they drop out, what will become of their children? If they turn to violence, am I and my classmates to blame?

There is, of course, another possibility. Perhaps the students today, like my classmates, will age overnight. Per-

(*Continued on page* 60)

The Mood Is Grim

NORTHFIELD, MINN.

ADMITTEDLY, they have little to smile about—after all, some of them may be dead in the jungles of Indochina within a few months—but this year's graduates were a terribly grim lot.

At first glance, they seemed much as we must have looked ten years ago when we lined up to receive our diplomas on the grassy common behind the chapel. Many of them had fresh haircuts, a concession to their parents and grandparents who had come from afar to witness this conferring of degrees. Unlike students at some colleges, these Carleton youth had decided to wear the traditional caps and gowns. Most wore white armbands for peace, but these were inconspicuous and inoffensive.

The day was beautiful, but no one smiled.

They sat sober-faced as one of their own, Jimmy Kolker, gave the first student commencement address in sixty years. They listened attentively, but unemotionally, as Kingman Brewster of Yale rambled on about the students' new role in life. They listened politely to administrators and trustees.

But no one smiled.

This grimness pervades the campus, and it gradually dawns on a visitor returning to the scene he left ten years ago. The problem, the adults on campus say, is that all year the students have had the weight of the world on their shoulders. A student confirms this. "I feel guilty when I relax," this sophomore tells an old grad. "I worry—how can I dare to relax when people are being shot to death, when people are starving?"

This youth, sitting at a card table trying to raise funds for colleagues arrested in a Minneapolis sit-in, says there is little joy on this once joyful campus. The talk in the dorms seldom is jocular. "When you're rapping, you talk about the war, about Agnew," he says.

A young professor, a student here himself not so many years ago, says the grimness makes teaching a drag. An older prof, pausing over a gin and tonic, admits, "Teaching isn't fun anymore." This professor, long a campus favorite, goes on: "If these aren't happy days—war or no war—I worry about these kids' ability to cope with the future."

Back on the commons, a coach spots a senior. "Congratulations," the coach says. "Thanks," says the athlete, and he plods on gloomily.

A pretty girl, apparently a young sister of another senior, is taking his picture. He looks dour in his cap and gown.

"Smile," she urges.

He can't.

—M. G.

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Schools Make News

What Good Are the Schools?

COMMENTS and evaluations of the first results of the National Assessment of Education are beginning to appear, and so far they seem to spell more bad news for American schools.

"Maybe the public would have been satisfied with the results [in science] years ago, but I doubt they will be now," remarked Dr. Ralph W. Tyler, one of the earliest planners of the assessment and the retired director of the Advanced Center for Behavioral Research at Stanford University. A physicist, Dr. Elizabeth A. Wood, formerly of Bell Telephone Laboratories, declared that the performance levels of thirteen- and seventeen-year-olds is much lower than that assumed by most planners of school curriculums.

The assessment—sponsored by the Education Commission of the States, a nonprofit organization uniting educational and political leaders, with headquarters in Denver—is the first nationwide attempt to assess the effectiveness of the schools through a series of tests given to selected samples of pupils across the country.

The first results released last month offered only the most general picture of what students and young adults in four age groups—nine, thirteen, seventeen, and twenty-six to thirty-five—know about two subject areas—science and citizenship. Nonetheless, educators invited by the ECS to comment on the two surveys expressed criticism and disappointment with both the tests and their results.

The reviewers emphasized that most of what the students knew was not necessarily learned in school. The science report showed that nine-year-olds know best about commonplace phenomena and the properties of matter: 87 per cent realized that thick dark clouds usually bring rain; 92 per cent knew that baby comes from its mother's body; 52 per cent knew the sun is a star; but only 22 per cent recognized a suitable definition of a "scientific theory." Of thirteen-year-olds, 98 per cent could pick out steak, bread, carrots, and milk as a balanced meal from among five alternatives.

At least half of the science items correctly answered by large majorities of nine- and thirteen-year-olds could have been learned outside of school, noted Richard J. Merrill, a California classroom teacher, currently president of the National Science Teachers Association. Several of the reviewers pointed out that both students and young adults showed major deficiencies in just the type of information that is generally learned only in school. The tests show generally that students learn much by rote, but when they have to translate basic information into concepts and exhibit rational thinking they often fail, Dr. Wood observed.

The citizenship survey met with equally harsh criticism. "Its descriptions of good civic behavior read like exemplars from Dick-and-Jane readers," declared Professor Lawrence E. Metcalf of the University of Illinois. And Dr. Tobe Johnson, political scientist from Morehouse College in Atlanta, questioned whether 67 per cent of U.S. adults would be willing to live next door to a person of another race. The figure, said Johnson, is suspiciously high, and many respondents probably gave the answer they thought the questioner desired.

If further test results indicate children do most of their learning outside of school, they will reinforce the findings of previous nationwide studies, particularly the 1965 Coleman report, *Equality of Educational Opportunity*, which found that the socio-economic level of parents and schoolmates had more effect on academic achievement than did the efforts of the schools.

Unlike most tests designed to determine the knowledge of the individual and indicate his rank in relation to other students, the assessment aims only to determine what kinds of things students know at different ages. It provides no comparisons either of individual performances of school districts or even states. This arrangement was created in response to strong opposition by local and state schoolmen who feared a national assessment would mean loss of local control of the schools and lead to federally prescribed standards and curriculums. Only when assessment designers agreed to express the results in the most general terms did they receive the necessary cooperation of school administrators and teachers.

More specific information will become available when the reports are broken down according to geographic region, size and type of city (big city, suburban area, middle-sized city, small town, and rural area), sex, socio-economic status, and race.

The assessment has already cost $7-million and is scheduled to continue for ten years more and to cover ten subject areas — science, citizenship, writing, reading, literature, music, social studies, art, mathematics, and vocational education. Each of these areas will be tested at least twice, and the changes revealed over the years are expected to help educators spot developing trends, problems, and progress.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back

THE Office of Economic Opportunity last month turned to a well-proven business practice "performance contracting"—the idea of requiring measurable increases in learning achievement before payment—for implementation of a $5.6-million experimental program to improve the teaching standards in reading and mathematics among disadvantaged children in at least sixteen states. Under the OEO plan, six private firms, chosen on a competitive basis, will attempt to raise the reading and math skills of 27,000 children in eighteen school districts, concentrating on grades one through three and seven through nine. Companies will be paid on the basis of what they accomplish.

To receive any payment at all, a firm must raise a child's achievement level at least one full grade level. For this it will receive $110 per child. Since the firm provides its own teaching machines, texts, etc., it must improve a student's ability by 1.5 grades in order to break even—a figure that is about three times the normal progress made by a disadvantaged child. An outside firm not involved in the project will be hired to conduct tests before and after the program. Companies will use a variety of innovative techniques: teaching machines, incentive payments and time off for students and teachers, and revised curriculums.

Donald Rumsfeld, director of OEO, announced the program just as results from the first experiment in accountability came under heavy criticism. In the adjacent cities of Texarkana, Arkansas, and Texarkana, Texas, OEO hired Dorsett Educational Systems, a private contractor, last fall to teach reading and mathematics to potential dropouts. Dorsett was to be paid only for per-pupil progress. First testing results seemed to show "phenomenal" improvement, but federal officials subsequently learned that at least a portion of the success was because teachers had been teaching students answers

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to the standard national tests used to evaluate the project. (OEO hopes to avoid this in the future by using more elaborate and random test samplings of student abilities and progress.)

Dorsett admits that a programmer, who has now resigned, inserted test questions into the teaching material. They estimate that 6 per cent of the testing was tainted. But the independent evaluator, Regional Education Service Center, questions 30 to 60 per cent of the testing. Since the discovery, previous tests in February, March, and April—from which Dorsett was paid $100,000—will be re-examined.

Despite the trouble, Superintendent Edward D. Trice of Texarkana, Ark., was enthusiastic about the program (although the school system has announced that Dorsett's contract will not be renewed). Of 403 junior high school students participating in Dorsett's rapid learning center, he said, only eight had dropped out.

Besides the OEO projects, at least 150 school districts are negotiating with private firms to run special projects, according to the Education Commission of the States. Two examples:

• The Camden, New Jersey, Board of Education hired RCA Corporation in June to make an overall assessment of its entire public school system. RCA will have major responsibility for identifying the educational needs of Camden, specifying priorities, organizing demonstration projects, training school personnel, and reorganizing the total system on a cost-effectiveness basis. RCA expects to engage industrial, commercial, and university subcontractors to carry out the changes and test results. The firms will be hired on a performance contractual basis, with financial penalties if they fail to produce results. Costs for planning and implementation of the program in the first year will be $805,000, of which the Office of Education will provide $550,000.

• The School City of Gary, Indiana, signed a four-year, $2-million contract with Behavioral Research Laboratories (BRL), of Palo Alto, California, to bring 800 elementary school students up to or above national grade level norms in all basic curriculum areas. Under the agreement, Gary will pay BRL $640,000 annually—or $800 per student, which is Gary's cost per pupil. BRL will take over one elementary school, organize and staff it, and provide all learning materials. At the end of three years the firm will refund to the School City of Gary the fee paid for any child who has not achieved at or above national norms as determined by an independent evaluator.

Tax-exempt

THE SHARP RISE in campus political activity last spring, and the plans of several colleges and universities to allow students time to campaign for candidates this fall, led a number of conservatives and moderates, on and off campus, to challenge the tax-exempt status of these institutions. Now, however, the American Council on Education (ACE) has issued guidelines stating that tax exemption will not be jeopardized if the time is made up and the academic year is not shortened.

The guidelines, endorsed as "fair and reasonable" by Randolph W. Thrower, commissioner of the Internal Revenue Service, said that "the mere rearrangement of an academic calendar" in order to let students and faculty have two weeks before the November elections to work for candidates of their choice (an arrangement known as the Princeton Plan) does not constitute "[political] intervention or participation by the institution itself." Law permits institutions to be free from federal taxes if they are operated exclusively for educational purposes and do "not participate in or intervene in (including the publishing or distributing of statements) any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office."

Under the Princeton Plan, developed by the Movement for a New Congress, the two-week fall recess will be made up by beginning the academic year a week early in September and by shortening Thanksgiving and Christmas vacations. So far, twenty-two universities have adopted variations of this plan.

ACE continued: Political clubs have been traditional on campus and should "present no problem," but if their work extends outside the university into campaign activity or if outsiders use university facilities and services, the university must be fully reimbursed. Moreover, university spokesmen supporting a candidate should be careful to make clear that their views are individual and do not represent university policy.

Washington Faces "A Possible Reality"

THE WASHINGTON, D.C., School Board has adopted a plan aimed at raising reading levels in elementary and junior high schools to national norms within the coming school year. The Washington student body, which is 94 per cent black, currently averages 2.2 grade levels behind.

The plan, part of a proposal (entitled "A Possible Reality") prepared by the MARC Corp., headed by black educator and psychologist Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, includes a Reading Mobilization Year to begin in September. If the plan is implemented, all school curricular and extracurricular activity would focus on reading achievement. Even in history and math classes, teachers would emphasize reading comprehension and word problems. A special team in each school, composed of current teachers and university specialists, would guide the program, choosing its own teaching methods and evaluating results with achievement tests three times during the year. Similar teams and testing programs would be organized for mathematics and oral and written communications.

—Joe Covello (Black Star)

Kenneth B. Clark: A positive proposal.

Other proposed innovations include heterogeneous grouping, competition between classes and between schools to stimulate student and teacher motivation, and encouraging teachers to experiment with a variety of methods.

The main obstacle to implementation may be the Washington Teachers' Union, which objects to the proposal's emphasis on competition and its new salary plan based on new teacher training and certification methods. The Clark proposal calls for teachers to go through a period of internship and then be ranked, according to experience and educational results, as resident, staff, senior, and master teachers —corresponding roughly to the college ranking system of instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, and full professor. They would be paid accordingly, with the best performing teachers getting higher salaries.

Because the report was received in midsummer, school opening may have to be delayed in any case while teachers, administrators, and staff work out new organization, curriculums, teaching methods, and responsibilities.

The Clark proposal is one of the few positive reports received by big cities in recent years. Most have simply described in detail the overwhelming problems and have offered few suggestions for solving them.

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Fleecing a Black Sheep

THE PARSONS COLLEGE BUBBLE: A TALE OF HIGHER EDUCATION IN AMERICA

by James Koerner

(Basic Books, Inc., 236 pp., $6.95)

Reviewed by Lewis B. Mayhew

"Almost" is the word best characterizing James Koerner's book. It almost pierced the riddle of Parsons College. It almost exposed the nature of regional accreditation. It almost probed and revealed the character of Millard G. Roberts. And it almost made a classic examination of forces and attributes in American life and higher education that made the Parsons College experiment possible. But in analyzing each of the elements in the Parsons story, he stops short of asking and trying to answer ultimate questions.

Parsons College in Fairfield, Iowa, achieved national attention, fame, and ridicule under the leadership of Millard George Roberts, who became president of a weak but not really moribund school in 1955 and left it without accreditation, with heavy financial liabilities, and with a legacy of controversy, success, hatred, and press agentry in 1967. That a church-related college, of small means and even smaller aspirations, could become a national educational issue was in large part a product of a national mania for college degrees, regardless of how they were obtained or their substantive significance. When President Roberts assumed office, he correctly sensed that the greatest need of the institution was for more students and that they could be obtained through exploiting a market of affluent youth denied entry or retention in highly selective colleges and universities, a market created or made possible when demand for higher education seriously exceeded supply in the late 1950s. In pursuit of these students, the president adopted most of both the benign and lethal elements that were subsequently to be called the Parsons Plan. Publicity, good or bad, vigorous student recruitment, a year-round operation of the campus, streamlined curriculums taught by three different types of faculty, rapid but cheap construction of physical plant, application of presumed new management techniques, and an open-door policy that gave students a second, third, or even fifteenth chance to achieve a degree and, of course, to provide the tuition needed for a self-supporting private college—these were the stuff of which the Parsons saga is composed. But President Roberts and through him Parsons College attracted enormous hatred and suspicion as well as considerable trust and respect. By paying extravagant salaries, preaching an intellectual egalitarianism, and claiming a way for private higher education to become once again financially viable, he developed a following of some faculty, some students, and some from the business and media communities. But through boasting of profit from education, an authoritarian administrative style, almost fraudulent advertising, disregard for ancient beliefs of the academy, and financial mismanagement, which some saw as bordering on dishonesty, he alienated the educational establishment and enough of his own dissenting faculty and administration to the point where they contrived his downfall. Throughout the most dramatic period of President Roberts's administration he and the college were involved in controversy with the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools, which, after a series of highly inconsistent acts, finally expelled the institution.

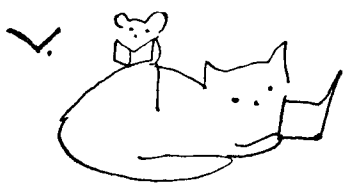
All of this history, Koerner chronicles with considerable clarity and great insight. He shows that most of what Roberts tried has been and is being attempted elsewhere. Required courses, large lectures, and use of graduate assistants as teachers are nothing new. Although doing so reluctantly, the college was slowly reforming some of its abuses, so that in the two years before accreditation was lost the financial situation was stabilized, information about student performances regularized, and the faculty given greater voice in creating a greatly enriched curriculum.

Finally, however, after examining the matter as dispassionately as possible, Mr. Koerner believes that it was right that Parsons College lost its accreditation and that President Roberts lost his job. But the way in which these events were brought about was questionable. The North Central Association did create policy and practice specifically designed for Parsons College that it did not apply elsewhere. Though the association acted within its legal rights, a fact subsequently sustained in court, its actions did provide grounds for future reconsideration of the nature of a voluntary association that has developed many characteristics of a monopoly.

The weakness of the book is that it still leaves central mysteries unsolved. Why did an accreditation team recommend public probation in the same year that accreditation was actually granted weaker institutions? What motivated some experienced observers to believe a crusade against Parsons was warranted, while others of equal reputation could, even at the end, feel the experiment was exciting and would in the long run be worthwhile? Why in a book of this sort are more of the principals not actually named and some analysis attempted of relevant experiences, points of view, and educational ideology? What were the judgments of consultants and inquisitors about the place, and in what ways did they disagree? Why did educational associations and their leaders become so upset about this man and his college, yet not use a key instrument of the academy, the open forum, to explore Millard Roberts's ideas and practices? Only near the end was the American Association for Higher Education persuaded to allow Roberts a platform.

In a sense there are two major themes in the Parsons story. There is the personality of President Roberts, and the author almost finds the essence of the man. But the other theme is the reaction of American leadership in higher education to Parsons College and to Roberts, but this is never brought into focus. There are also two major educational issues, either one of which could have been treated as central. The one is the nature of collegiate innovation, and the other, the nature of accreditation. Mr. Koerner was unable to accomplish a fusion of the two—hence the book has a somewhat disjointed aura about it. But this book comes as close as any to being a definitive treatment of a minor but intriguing episode in American higher education. The details are accurate, the prose clear, and the treatment balanced. When the history of the reforming decade of the Sixties is written, this work will be cited frequently.

Lewis B. Mayhew is professor of education at Stanford University and author of Colleges Today and Tomorrow *and* Contemporary College Students and the Curriculum.



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New Books

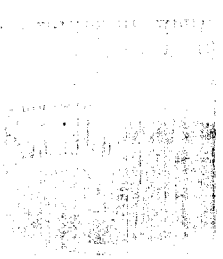
Guide to Canadian Universities, *by Joyce Slayton Mitchell (Simon & Schuster of Canada, Ltd., 175 pp., $2.95),* illustrates the extent of Canada's commitment to higher education. For students and scholars contemplating association with a Canadian university, this little paperback will prove extremely informative. It not only provides data on admissions, fees, enrollment, and location, but classifies by province, size of community, type of governance, and other very helpful categories. A succinct appendix directed to American students rounds out a handbook organized with imaginative precision.

The Harvard Strike, *by Lawrence E. Eichel, Kenneth W. Jost, Robert D. Luskin, and Richard M. Neustadt (Houghton Mifflin, 381 pp., $6.95),* comes as a really solid joint effort, *written* rather than built. Preliminary chapters furnish historical and territorial setting. There follow the eddies and swirls of student resentment toward ROTC and administrative insensitivity that crest in the student strike, and break during the apparently inevitable police bust of April 10, 1969. In successive chapters, such notables as President Pusey, Robert McNamara, and student leaders Kazin, Hyland, Raines, and Griffin occupy the stage of this campus drama. Honestly critical, devoid of gratuitous moralizing, this lively book will stand as one of the more mature solutions to the problem of instant histories of university upheavals.

The Plateglass Universities, *by Michael Beloff (Fairleigh Dickinson University Press, 208 pp., $6),* further extends a young Oxford don's penchant for capturing a university's personality—a knack previously demonstrated for Americans and others in *A Short Walk on the Campus,* done with Jonathan Aitken. Although it retains a certain jauntiness (witness the "old donnish belief that anything is permissible as long as you do it before midnight"), this fascinating assessment of Britain's new universities of Sussex, York, East Anglia, Essex, Lancaster, Kent, and Warwick is a much more serious undertaking than its prototype treatment of American academic mores. It stands broadly based on ample reading plus a confident entree into student, professorial, and administrative circles. It provides excellent background to the rise of Plateglass, its dissimilarity to Oxbridge and Redbrick, and its future prospects. In Beloff's view, new initiatives are its greatest hope, minority irresponsibility the major threat. A grand book.

What We Owe Children: The Subordination of Teaching to Learning, *by Caleb Gattegno (Outerbridge & Dienstfrey, 188 pp., $4.95);* **Piaget for Teachers,** *by Hans G. Furth (Prentice-Hall, 163 pp., $6.95);* **Teaching with Feeling,** *by Herbert M. Greenberg (Pegasus, 219 pp., $2.25),* will be of interest to many good teachers with broad horizons. A stimulating title from a new publishing group, Gattegno's book holds that it is not memory but the mind's power that bears developing from early childhood. Furth's work consists of thirteen challenging letters to teachers, detailing Piagetian concepts of thinking and describing learning activities appropriate to these concepts. More of a popular, reassuring treatise, Greenberg's paperback indicates the commonality among beginners of the manifold misgivings a classroom can give rise to. These it attempts to mollify by exploding the myth of the calm, moderate, loving teacher. Quite different in style, focus, and level of difficulty, these three classroom-centered books will enhance the professional bookshelf.

The Climactic Decades: Mandate to Education, *by Theodore Brameld (Praeger, 210 pp., $7.95),* takes a building-block approach to educational reform. At first glance, Professor Brameld's components—twenty-five-point agenda, ten educational illusions, four steps to consensual validation, five groups of educational participants, five opportunities for an appropriate educational philosophy—appear numerically arbitrary. Moreover, certain of his proposals, such as an Experimental Center for the Creation of World Civilization offering the master's and doctor's degrees savor of renamed roses. More detailed reading reveals, however, that here is a book offered in the best fashion of one of its concepts—that of "modern man-in-culture." In breadth, as in conviction, it merits attention.



Promise or Peril: The Black College Student in America, *by William R. Corson (W. W. Norton, 190 pp., $4.95),* describes the general preconditions for revolution, and identifies black college students as the critical variable whose revolutionary radicalization would detonate an American social explosion. At times, Colonel Corson's belief in widely organized black insurgency appears somewhat boldly extrapolated from interviews conducted at Howard University. So, too, his proposals on housing, employment, and education seem less than decisive "counterrevolutionary" social action. Nevertheless, here is a creatively disturbing book written in the style and spirit of concerned citizenship; as such, it makes very worthwhile reading for these times.

The Limits of Protest, *by Peter Buckman (Bobbs-Merrill, 288 pp., $5.95);* **Push Comes to Shove: The Escalation of Student Protest,** *by Steven Kelman (Houghton Mifflin, 287 pp., $5.95),* offer different perspectives and emphases on the common phenomenon of protest. Buckman's is a scholarly analysis, broadly proportioned. It posits man's essential discontent and examines youth's more recent struggle to establish universities as ideological communication centers. Furthermore, it rests on a sturdy base of sources ranging from Sigmund Freud's sober *Civilization and Its Discontents* to Tom Wolfe's scintillating *The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test.* The Kelman book is a more personal, more parochial effort. In part the jottings of a disillusioned moderate, it argues the unreality of SDS extremism and cries out for "decent idealism." Respectively the products of intellectual aloofness and strong emotional entanglement, each of these titles helps define the scope and quality of man's present dissatisfaction with his own institutions.

Piety in the Public School: Trends and Issues in the Relationship Between Religion and the Public School in the United States, *by Robert Michaelsen (Macmillan, 274 pp., $6.95),* draws on general historical sources, leading educational theory, and judicial decisions to produce a most thorough account of church-state-school affairs in America. Unlike numerous treatises on the subject, this volume devotes a generous opening chapter to discussing and defining such terminology as religion, God, and piety. Subsequent chapters, based on wide acquaintanceship with the sources, deal with the concept of public school as "established church," Constitutional separation, and the problem of providing for religious diversity. —JOHN CALAM.

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Troubled Partnership

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—instead of the three to five levels claimed by MIND. "This simply wasn't good enough. They wouldn't have been promotable," he adds.

The problem, according to this executive, lies with both the premises on which MIND is based and some of its newfangled techniques. For one thing, he notes, MIND presupposed that dropouts are in revolt against society and the formal educational system—attitudes that presumably would require a novel kind of educational response. In fact, they are nothing of the kind, according to an extensive Con Ed survey of its trainees. "Most dropouts leave school for personal reasons, such as pregnancy or the need to support their families," says Wittmer. Thus, he observes, conventional methods are perfectly appropriate.

"We found nothing replaces the teacher," says Wittmer. "The MIND people said my secretary could be a monitor. It didn't work."

Consequently, Con Ed hired eight professional teachers who now are teaching more than 300 trainees—"dropouts" from seventeen to twenty-three years of age, and men and women over thirty-five—in basic mathematics and English. These courses are part of a twenty-six-week program consisting of one week of orientation and four weeks of "pre-job" training, nine weeks of educational courses (four hours daily of classes and four hours of skills training), and twelve additional weeks of full-time skills training. At the end of the twenty-six weeks, the trainees will become regular employees of Con Ed.

The New York utility says the program—now in its third year—is working, but not always as smoothly as it would like. One trouble is that normally about 40 per cent of all trainees drop out of the program for one reason or another. Con Ed officials say a 60 per cent retention rate is not all that bad and attribute this modest success to the prospect of employment that spurs most trainees to continue. "The trainee needs something at the end of the rainbow to keep him going," observes Wittmer.

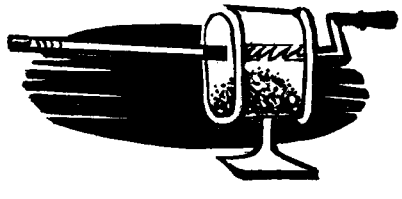
Continental Can, also of New York, learned this lesson the hard way last year when it phased out its highly touted educational course begun in Harlem in 1968. Billed as the first company-sponsored school for basic educational skills in the heart of a city, the venture sought to upgrade the English and arithmetic skills of Harlemites whose educational levels were so low they had little or no chance of finding a decent job. In fact, most of those recruited for the first twelve-week cycle in early 1968 tested at about the fourth-grade level.

At first, the effort seemed to work; forty-five Harlem residents graduated after the first cycle amid a great deal of fanfare. But later the program—administered by MIND, Inc.—faltered and, last fall, was terminated (although Continental says it might resume the effort some time in the future). From the beginning, the venture was plagued by dropouts and recruitment difficulties, which, eventually, became the main headache. MIND monitors would recruit on street corners, in bars, and where people congregated, but fewer and fewer Harlemites seemed interested.

Company spokesmen concede the chief reason for this was that the education course wasn't plugged in to Continental Can's—or any other company's—hiring program. Of 200 graduates from at least one of the four cycles MIND conducted during the two-year period, only twenty-two secured jobs with Continental. The others received neither the guarantee of a job nor job counseling. To be sure, many education course grads by themselves found jobs that normally would have been beyond their reach. Others, however, were disgruntled.

One Harlemite complained: "I thought for sure that if I couldn't get a job with anybody else I could at least get a job with Continental Can. The program didn't even give me that much. I need a job." This young lady also was unhappy that the program didn't give her a chance to take a high school diploma equivalency test, which, she added, "would have helped me with something I need and want."

Just the same, Continental Can officials insist the program was far from worthless. They note that the MIND materials helped trainees raise their academic achievement in arithmetic almost three grade levels and in word meaning almost two grade levels. Nonetheless, Continental Can is, as one official put it, "taking a breather" from its Harlem project. At the same time, the firm is trying to isolate the various factors that contributed to their woes. Spokesmen observe, for example, that trainee motivation was lowered by factors other than the absence of a firm job commitment.



"No stipend was offered trainees, and many of them didn't like meeting in hot buildings that weren't air conditioned," says one unhappy company official.

Occasionally, corporate efforts are beset by woes over which they have little control. A case in point is provided by Illinois Bell, which in 1968 offered its personnel, equipment, and facilities to three Chicago high schools. Under the program, the big utility was to provide teacher aides and substitute typists, bookkeepers, mechanics, and engineers to help fill emergency vacancies at the schools. The venture was slowed several months at the start by a strike that greatly limited Illinois Bell operations. While the program gradually got under way in two schools, it folded early this year at Crane High School in a predominantly black neighborhood. The reason: a wave of student violence. Windows were smashed, fires were set, and, finally, several students tried to carry the principal, James P. Maloney, from the building. While the school's regular teachers were demanding more guards, Illinois Bell decided to pull its staff out of Crane altogether. "Our overriding concern was the fear for the safety of our personnel," said Fred Felton, the company's coordinator for the program. "We haven't given up on Crane. We're just looking for ways to establish a relationship with the place."

Another Illinois Bell official added: "We were in a losing situation from the start. The educational environment was so far gone there that we couldn't contribute a thing. The school was not functioning as a school in the traditional sense. It was just a place where kids gathered."

But even before the disorders some Illinois Bell officials frankly doubted whether their program was correctly shaped to be effective. "Actually, we didn't get much beyond the physical fix-it-up stage. We repaired a few shower heads and mended a couple of broken movie projectors. And we provided a bus for field trips and even gave an award luncheon for the school's athletes. But these were small, meaningless things," admits a spokesman. "We had hoped we might reach a point where we could make a contribution to curriculum—and help ghetto youngsters close the reading gap."

According to Donald E. Barnes, vice president of the Institute for Educational Development, programs often run into trouble when companies are motivated primarily by guilt and a vague desire to do "something for the poor." "The motives and attitudes that go with charity must be avoided," says Barnes. "The result frequently is that executives end up offering something pretty silly and then congratulate them-

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selves for their Christian spirit." Equally dangerous, he notes, is the tendency of some companies to impose programs of their own making on schools, which, he adds, resemble organisms that can't easily be tampered with.

For programs to succeed, Barnes suggests observance of a few basic maxims:

• Executives in charge of programs should have enough authority to make their decisions felt on all corporate levels, even the lowest, where projects often are stymied through lack of follow-up efforts by the men at the top.

• Executives must develop a tolerance for risk and ambiguity. Frequently, they lapse into a mechanistic view of social change, and think that developing a good educational program is like manufacturing something automatically on an assembly line.

• Accordingly, officials must reconcile themselves to a certain amount of formlessness that is inherent in schools, and, at the same time, attempt to aid programs that grow naturally out of the school community.

• Finally, businessmen must get physically inside the school building—and stay there a full school day. "If business is to make a contribution, its men must eat with the faculty and mingle with the students," says Barnes. "This is the only way they can learn the school's problems."

When these maxims are followed, he claims, the results can be impressive. He cites as an example the Economic Development Council of New York City, a group of about eighty-five companies that recently "adopted" two of the city's ghetto high schools: Monroe and Brandeis.

He recalls that recently a Bell Labs systems analyst stationed at Monroe found that excessive manpower and time were devoted to preparing post cards for parents of absent students. But with so many youngsters normally absent (sometimes as many as a third of the student body a day) and with a highly antiquated filing system that kept information dispersed in various cubbyholes, this was slow and tedious work for the handful of people assigned to the task. Indeed, only a fraction of the parents whose children were absent were ever notified of the fact. The Bell Labs expert made a simple suggestion: Install an addressograph machine. This done, Monroe was able to do the job more quickly and efficiently, since with the new machine the school no longer needed a large staff to handle post cards. Thus, Monroe expects to save

annually about $18,000—money that now can be diverted to substantive educational programs.

Generally, companies find they're most successful when they emphasize jobs—and job training—over academic content. For instance, Chase Manhattan Bank, in its widely respected training program for the hard-core unemployed, last year found it was meeting some resistance from trainees because of an excessive concern with academic subjects. The program—known as JOB—was formed in late 1967 to train workers who normally wouldn't qualify for employment. Most of the JOB trainees are young, black dropouts who read at the fifth-grade level. The program is open to any young man or woman who can meet the bank's bonding requirements (which exclude felons and narcotics addicts, but not purse-snatchers or former addicts).

Bank officials say the effort to make these individuals into reliable employees is working. But, at the same time, they concede many zigs and zags and blind alleys were followed before the bank hit upon a workable program. At present, JOB trainees get four weeks of full-time study and then spend five months working and studying on alternate weeks. During the program—for which trainees are paid $1.60 an hour—lessons cover mathematics, business fundamentals, reading, and other language skills. Trainees completing the six-month program automatically become full-time Chase employees; at the end of last year, JOB had graduated 255 workers, 128 of whom were still with the bank.

Despite JOB's seeming success, Chase drastically revised the program in mid-1969, because "we found we just weren't doing it right," says Art Humphrey, Jr., JOB's white director. Until that time, JOB was force feeding its trainees heavy doses of black and Spanish culture and other highly abstract offerings. In fact, trainees frequently found themselves sent to museums, Afro-American exhibits, and—to acquire a little white, middle-class culture—plays such as *Hello, Dolly!* A central idea of the effort was to prepare trainees for the high school equivalency test. "This turned out to be impossible," says Humphrey, noting that only about 20 per cent of JOB graduates were found sufficiently prepared to take the test. Also, many trainees became bored and dropped out.

Then Chase finally got around to surveying the trainees themselves. "They told us all this cultural stuff was a waste of time," the official recalls. "Instead, they said they wanted to know about the bank." Not long thereafter Chase shortened the overall program from a year to six months, eliminated many of the "cultural awareness" programs, and even did away with such old academic stand-bys as algebra and English grammar. The program now emphasizes material needed for success inside the bank rather than for passage of a high school equivalency test. "You'll never use algebra in a banking career," explains Humphrey.

And while trainees still grapple with academic material, they do so in a way that is constantly related to a prospective job inside the bank. For example, trainees learn world geography for use in the bank's international department. "We don't teach geography with maps," notes Humphrey. "We teach it by having students think of the world in terms of zones where the bank does business. This way they learn, say, that Cairo is in the Middle East." Also, trainees still must learn communication skills, although no longer must they wrestle with conjugations and other technicalities of grammar. Instead, they learn bank terminology; for instance, they learn that a "platform" isn't a raised area, but simply a designated space for certain bank officials.

Humphrey vigorously denies the charge some critics have made that JOB's orientation makes trainees useful only for Chase Manhattan Bank, thereby limiting their job mobility. For one thing, he notes that JOB's dropout rate has declined to 20 per cent from 35 per cent as a result of the change. "You don't improve a person's position in the job market by giving him six months of book learning," claims the official. "What makes him mobile is the experience he acquires. We think we help him by giving him what he immediately needs for success."

Other firms have made similar discoveries. In Detroit, both Chrysler and Michigan Bell Telephone have established at two different high schools mock employment centers that test, interview, and tell students where they are weak. In the sessions, youngsters study application forms and learn certain techniques of job interviewing, grooming, employment testing, deportment, and other factors essential to entrance into the job world.

Unhappily, companies have made much less progress reshaping curriculums and developing education innovations. To be sure, some modest con-

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tributions have been made. Detroit's Northwestern High beefed up its shorthand program after a number of its graduates did poorly on Chrysler's entry-level tests. Michigan Bell each summer sponsors a six-week remedial program for underachieving students from Northern High that, among other things, uses games, painting, photography, and moviemaking to teach math, English, and science courses.

Companies most often are successful when they stick to their own areas of expertise. A notable case in point is General Electric's appliance technology curriculum, developed for use in Cincinnati public schools. Begun in Courter Technical and Withrow high schools, the program includes a closed-circuit television system, instructional material, and appliances supplied at a substantial discount by GE. The company also provided an initial $10,000 grant in 1968 to get the program going.

Now in its third year, the venture seeks to train appliance repairmen for placement at graduation in GE and other corporate service centers across the country. Aim of the effort is twofold: develop competent repairmen, and change the image of the appliance repair profession. To do this, GE shaped the program in a way that would have been impossible without its presence. First, it encouraged students at the two schools to wear ties "so they would resemble what technicians look like after employment," says Warren G. Rhodes, a GE educational consultant.

More important, GE yanked out of the two schools all the obsolete equipment— such as twenty-year-old Bendix washing machines mounted on concrete blocks—on which students previously tried to learn this technical craft. In place of the old machines, GE installed sparkling new washers complete with solid-state wiring and transistorized controls. "The old appliances were unrepairable," recalls Rhodes. "It was like trying to train auto mechanics for today's cars on Model Ts."

With the gleaming new equipment, youngsters are flocking to the course and the dropout rate has dipped (GE doesn't guarantee employment to students, but it does have first crack at the brighter ones). In fact, GE feels this particular curriculum is working so well it may attempt to have it installed elsewhere.

Granted, companies aren't always successful when they seek to base educational efforts on their own products or business activities. One failure occurred last fall when the Insurance Company of North America offered a course in insurance to high school students in Philadelphia's new experimental Parkway Program. The program is unique in that students do not attend set classes in a regular school building but, instead, show up for courses held in a variety of downtown institutions. The students wander around town on their way to courses of their choice (selected from a catalogue similar to the type college students use).

Competing with courses on protest literature, adolescent psychology, and various off-beat subjects, INA offered a course on the workings of the insurance industry. But on opening day not a single student showed up for it. "Most teen-agers just don't give a damn about insurance," one official plaintively put it.

But from such experiences executives are gradually learning what makes for a workable program: commitment at the top that makes itself felt throughout the company, appointment to the school of full-time company representatives who can learn the school's problems from the inside, willingness to tolerate experiments and programs that may seem formless to the executive eye, and, perhaps most important of all, a disposition to link educational efforts with job opportunities or job counseling.

At this point, it is too early to tell whether businessmen will overcome the difficulties they have encountered and make a permanent contribution to the nation's school systems. Equally uncertain is whether executives will be any more successful developing education as a lush market for new and fancy products. Some are frankly doubtful. "Big business seems unable to change old habits of mind," snorts Charles Adams, founder of MIND. "They insist on looking at the education market the same way as they would look at, say, the peanut butter market. They're trying to force feed the schools the things they know how to produce. You can neither solve human problems nor develop this particular market in this way."

Meantime, even some big outfits remain unflinching in the face of troubles that have plagued other concerns in the educational arena. The other day, RCA was hired by the Camden, New Jersey, Board of Education as the prime contractor in a joint effort to reform Camden's entire public school system.

Whatever the outcome of this and other ventures, it is clear that the traditional relationship between businessmen and schools is changing. No longer do executives think it is sufficient merely to provide jobs for students; they're beginning to realize they must take an active role in working with schools to help develop this manpower resource. Yet, it is also clear this is turning out to be a much tougher task than expected.

Carleton College

Continued from page 53

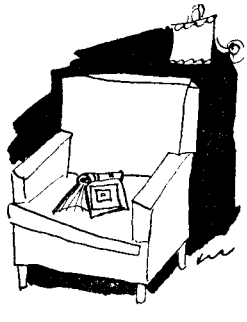
haps they will cross the generation chasm that exists between them and my classmates. Some elders think that that may happen. Some respected educators think today's students will become quickly conservative, or at least less radical and more pliable than they are now. A Carleton professor of political science, a wise and thoughtful man, thinks that "two years from now, many of these kids who disown corporations will be working for them." A Carleton English professor once told me, "This year's radical is next year's insurance salesman."

But others question that view. Stop some students on the campus and strike up a conversation. They are calm, reasonable, serious students. They invariably say they are not interested in material things, not interested in the business life. "I don't believe this generation will become quickly conservative," outgoing Carleton President John Nason says.

The war, of course, is the reason. This is their war, and it governs their every act. Two Swarthmore psychologists made a six-month survey of more than 5,000 students at thirty-nine colleges and universities, and concluded that the war has greatly changed students' attitudes on everything from careers to religion to politics. The brightest students in the best institutions were most affected.

And so we end up with two generations: One fifteen to thirty or so, one thirty or so and up. The young people may challenge or try to overthrow us. Or we may never confront one another. They can turn to their marijuana for solace, we to our martinis. Two worlds within a world.

But the line is never so fine as I have drawn it, of course, and perhaps I have pictured my classmates too harshly. Perhaps it will be my generation that bridges the gap. Perhaps we will allow ourselves to be converted by the young, and led by them. Or perhaps we are right and they are wrong. Time will tell. But it may not be too long before we learn the answer.



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Notes of a Young Radical

Continued from page 51

have both covered a lot of ground since that night. I was especially grateful to him for coming back and helping us out.

He talked about the necessity for organization, and he talked about making sacrifices. As he walked out of the chapel, he shook hands with the security guards who had drifted into the chapel to hear their brother. Our brother.

If the struggle in this country is to continue, there will have to be a good deal more of both organization and sacrifice. Regarding the latter, the benefit taught me an important lesson on the financing of a revolution: Funds should not come from those who fight. We did raise money at the benefit, but it was peanuts compared with, say, the bail that the pigs slapped on the Panthers who were framed in New York. If all the liberals who proclaim such a disenchantment with the society that they have made don't start to put *their* money where their mouths are, we will just have to take the lesson which our brothers in South America and Robin Hood have practiced.

We must remember not to listen to criticism from without. Anyone who criticizes without being involved in any of the forms of the revolution is a parasite who should be ignored. In the course of the benefit, I met many people who professed to be "in the Movement" but could not contribute to the Panthers as a result of the conspiracy slander, or could not accept Weatherman tactics. Though those tactics may indeed be premature, it is important to understand them as the natural and proper response to the frustration of outcast goodness. People do not start out bombing; they end up bombing.

On the subject of organization, two realizations came to me in the chapel. The first was that the campus was a bad place to organize because there are too many people on it who think they know something but know very little. The students, moreover, are, by their blessings of background, spoiled. They want to be pleased; so the young rebel breaks windows in April and leaves for three months in Europe in May. With this level of seriousness, we can all expect a nifty revolution.

My second illumination was that freak entertainment would be a good thing to organize. If the Beatles really wanted to do something with their millions, they could easily convert Apple into a rock cooperative; freaks could support themselves with the billions of dollars they annually spend on concerts and records, rather than support the companies that produce them. Not to mention covering such illegalities as the bail for the Panthers. Radical capitalism. This organization seemed rather a fantasy until I began contacting entertainers—Country Joe would be in the area because he was going to court here; Dick Gregory and some friends of mine once shared a cell; the Stones have been in jail; the Beatles have been busted. Freedom is possible if you want it.

In order to be revolutionary, one must have great faith. My own work in the revolution has something of a cyclical nature, for I tend to become discouraged with the people I meet (like those at Columbia University, for example, and the WLF). All the protests and demonstrations tend to frustrate one way or another. So, having finished my work for the benefit, I am now undergoing what I call "demopause," getting away from people so my faith can again work its way up to a revolutionary peak. In the meantime: Organize; sacrifice.

Education Letters

Continued from page 44

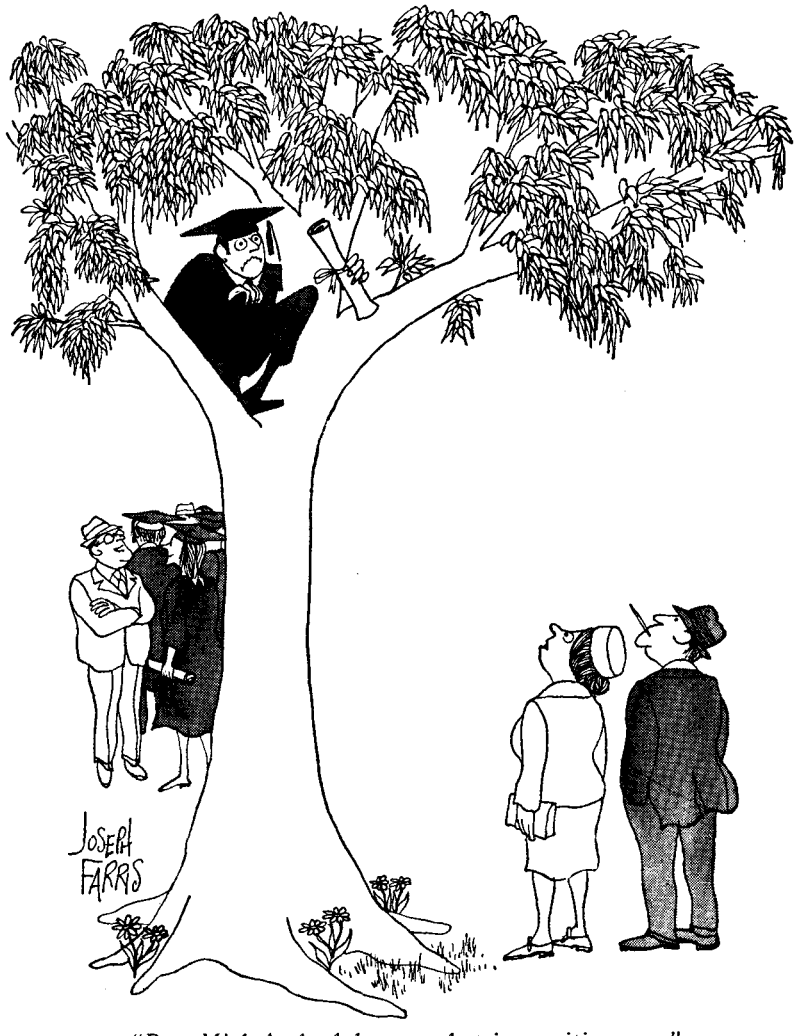
restudy and change to meet new situations.

J. Elliott Fisher,
West Stockbridge, Mass.

What we need in the world today is more universalism and less parochialism. Only on a world-wide basis—to use the word "universalism" in a less nationalist sense than Mr. Fein uses it—can the problems of war or peace, ecology, and the economic well-being of poorer nations be solved. "Local control" was a reactionary slogan during the 1930s in both welfare and educational issues. It still implies a loss of quality in both these fields. Even "national control" is becoming a reactionary slogan in matters of ecology and war.

The issue of local control of specific schools because of particular political or ethnic situations should be handled as a specific instance, and its solution should not be made into a general rule for school districts. It should especially not become an end in itself in such a way that ethnic groups would think of it as a solution to all their educational problems.

Leonard Fels,
California State College,
Long Beach, Calif.



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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1897

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Political periodical founded in 1756, favoring Henry Fox (2 wds.)	26 52 59 69 78 83 92
B. Followed by WORD E: tooth and nail	93 104 120 142 146 156
C. Above; beyond; too deep for (4 wds.)	162 200 5 33 36 124 138 140 150 153 174 180 195
D Do harm to, handle wrongly	24 35 60 64 72 90
E. See WORD B (2 wds.)	155 178 183 189 29 42 135 191
F. Divert	9 16 44 51 65 127
G. Note of insincerity (2 wds.)	130 148 154 196 53 185 202 18 30 149
H. They might have a WORD G (2 wds.)	177 181 11 43 62 126 168 119 86 91
I. Crisscross framework	96 158 171 175 188 14 22
J. Sent or about to be sent	70 89 109 125 128 137 160
K. Inauspicious, inappropriate (3 wds.)	184 56 76 111 116 131 66 97 106 114
L. Alter so as to produce a more desirable appearance	167 182 100 117 132 161 190
M. Elevated in degree or excellence	199 57 34 71 1 12 23 194

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. 4th-cent. historian who wrote a sequel to Tacitus' history	2 98 145 157 192 68 74 133
O. Peevish	40 45 94 102 166 112 55
P. Subtlety; cunning; stratagem	87 105 122 164 21 37 41
Q. River in Hades	80 19 176 201 4 77 85
R. Considering (3 wds.)	136 7 163 50 107 187 121 198
S. Cancellation	103 15 28 75 61 144 115 81
T. Subordinate; supplementary	13 186 31 6 39 47 172 159 197
U. "Look, he's winding up ———of his wit," says Sebastian. (2 wds., "The Tempest")	151 3 32 49 10 110 129 20
V. Pacifies	73 67 8 38 123 25
W. To the full extent	118 134 147 108 113 88 48
X. Sharpness, rancor	84 179 165 99 152 63 173 95
Y. Supple, resilient	58 54 143 17 46
Z. Acquiescence	101 82 169 141 79 139 170 27 193

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

		1 M	2 N	3 U	4 Q	5 C	6 T	7 R		8 V	9 F		10 U		11 H	12 M	13 T
14 I	15 S		16 F	17 Y	18 G	19 Q	20 U		21 P	22 I	23 M	24 D	25 V		26 A	27 Z	
28 S	29 E	30 G	31 T	32 U	33 C	34 M		35 D	36 C	37 P	38 V	39 T	40 O		41 P	42 E	43 H
44 F	45 O	46 Y	47 T	48 W		49 U	50 R	51 F	52 A		53 G	54 Y	55 O		56 K	57 M	58 Y
59 A	60 D	61 S		62 H	63 X	64 D		65 F	66 K	67 V	68 N	69 A		70 J	71 M	72 D	73 V
74 N	75 S	76 K	77 Q	78 A	79 Z		80 Q	81 S	82 Z		83 A	84 X	85 Q	86 H		87 P	88 W
89 J	90 D	91 H		92 A	93 B	94 O	95 X		96 I	97 K	98 N	99 X	100 L		101 Z		102 O
103 S	104 B	105 P	106 K	107 R	108 W	109 J		110 U	111 K	112 O	113 W		114 K	115 S		116 K	117 L
118 W	119 H		120 B	121 R	122 P	123 V	124 C	125 J		126 H	127 F	128 J	129 U	130 G		131 K	132 L
133 N	134 W		135 E	136 R	137 J	138 C	139 Z		140 C	141 Z	142 B		143 Y	144 S	145 N	146 B	
147 W	148 G		149 G	150 C	151 U		152 X	153 C	154 G	155 E	156 B	157 N	158 I		159 T	160 J	161 L
162 C	163 R	164 P	165 X		166 O	167 L	168 H	169 Z		170 Z	171 I		172 T	173 X	174 C		175 I
176 Q	177 H	178 E		179 X	180 C	181 H	182 L		183 E	184 K	185 G	186 T		187 R	188 I	189 E	190 L
	191 E	192 N	193 Z	194 M		195 C	196 G	197 T		198 R	199 M	200 C	201 Q	202 G			

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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